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THE
SENTIMENTAL
CONNOISSEUR:

OR, THE
BEAUTY and FOLLY of VIRTUE
and VICE displayed,

IN A
CURIOUS COLLECTION

OF
MORAL AND ENTERTAINING
MISCELLANIES,
IN PROSE AND VERSE.

Let us (since life can little more supply
Than just to look about us and to die)
Expatiate free o'er all this scene of man;
A mighty maze, but not without a plan-----
Eye Nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies.
And catch the manners living as they rise.

POPE

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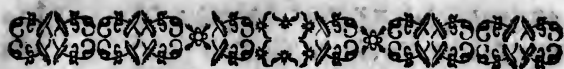
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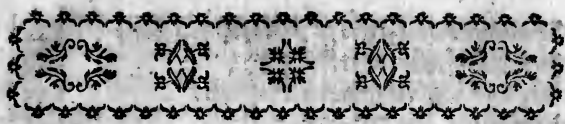
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T H E

S E N T I M E N T A L

C O N N O I S S E U R.



T H E

H A P P I N E S S O F A V I R T U O U S L I F E.

I N a lovely valley between the chalky cliffs of Chaldee, watered by a perennial stream from the ancient Euphrates, Barcas, descended from the patriarchs of old, had pitched his tents. A towering oak venerable with age, the shadow of whose spreading branches offered a cooling retreat from the noontide rays, stood before them; and behind them a lofty grove of citrons and pomegranates, delighted the eye of the traveller, and gave its spicy odours to the fluttering breeze. His doors were always open to the stranger and the fatherless; the indigent found in him a generous benefactor, and the oppressed a powerful protector. He delighted to remove the chilling hand of po-

A

verty from the unfortunate, and to pour the balm of comfort into the breast of the friendless. Filled with the generous principles of virtue and beneficence, he was not contented with enjoying happiness himself, but desirous of extending it to all the human race.

He always pitched his tents within sight of some principal road, that the very traveller might find refreshment, and rest securely after the toils of the day.

Among the rest that visited the hospitable tents of Barcas, was Selim, prince of Aden, who had been driven from his country by the Sophi of Persia. His countenance was clouded with cares and disappointments, and his attention wholly employed in meditating on his misfortunes.

Barcas received the unfortunate stranger with that cordial affection, which had endeared him to all the inhabitants of the neighbouring countries. He treated him in the most hospitable manner, and endeavoured, by a cheerful and engaging conversation, to banish that melancholy which preyed upon his mind; but finding all his endeavours fruitless, he thus addressed the Prince of Aden.

“Some misfortune, heavier than those common to the sons of men, has doubtless fallen upon thee, and thy spirits are unable to support the ponderous weight. But tell me, thou that hast drank deep of the cup of affliction, is it impossible to remove the cause of thy grief, or to mitigate thy sorrow? Is the dart of affliction pierced so far into thy breast that it cannot be drawn, and is the wound too deep to admit of a cure? Remem-

ber that the path of life lies along the margin of the river of adversity, and every human being is obliged to drink often of its bitter stream. But let not the misfortunes common to all the children of men discourage us, nor deprive us of those innocent pleasures which the bountiful Father of the universe hath scattered around us, with a liberal hand."

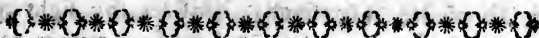
"Thy reasonings, Barcas, replied the stranger, are doubtless just; but misfortunes like mine are too many to be removed, and too heavy to be supported. Thou canst not be a stranger to the melancholy fate of Selim Prince of Aden. He lately flourished like a tall cedar on the mountains, and was eminently distinguished among the princes of the earth. The oppressed of different nations implored his protection, and at his command the proud tyrants of the neighbouring countries laid the rod of oppression aside. But the haughty Persian prevailed against him, and laid all his honours in the dust. His populous cities are destroyed, and deluged with the blood of their inhabitants; his fruitful fields are turned into a desert, and his wives and children captives in the house of an imperious master. O Barcas! can misfortunes like these be supported with patience, or lessened by the generous aid of friendship? I well know, that if thy wisdom can point out a remedy for my grief, thy sincere desire of being serviceable to all the sons and daughters of affliction, will not suffer thee to conceal it; but this, I fear, is a task beyond thy power."

"Selim, replied the shepherd of Chaldee, thy

misfortunes are certainly grievous, and heavy to be borne; but let not thy hours be spent in fruitless complainings, nor dare to pry into the arcana of heaven. Call not the afflictive turns of life evil, till thou art able to comprehend the intention for which they were sent; and the good which, for ought thou knowest, may rise from them. View thyself with care and sincerity, and take a true list of all thy vices; remember the all-wise Being is best acquainted with thy frame, and consider thou art but a child of dust. Blame not the governor of the universe because thou canst not search the profundity of his measures, nor find out the depth of his judgments; consider thy sight at present is very imperfect, and confined within very narrow bounds. But thou shalt soon put off the veil of mortality, and thou shalt then be capable of surveying things which are now invisible. The clouds of misfortune and vapours of affliction shall be then dispersed, by the brightness of a clearer sun: the heavens shall no longer frown, but the sky exhibit a prospect of smiling serenity. The thunders of affliction shall no longer utter their hoarse voices, and the billows of grief which now rage, shall sink into a calm. Then shall the system of providence be revealed, and the ways of heaven made known to the children of men. Learn therefore, Selim, to govern the unruly passions of thy repining soul, and reign emperor over thyself. Remember that the things thou hast lost, were only lent thee by that Being who formed the universe, and who hath not wrested them from thee by a tyrant's arm; but for what purpose is impossible to

be known, nor should wretched mortals dare to enquire. Submit thyself, therefore, to his pleasure, and bear thy misfortunes with constancy and resignation. Wait with patience and submission, till thou art taken from the regions of mortality, and then shalt thou receive the reward of all thy labours."

These reflections revived the heart of Selim, and his countenance became tranquil and serene. He thanked the generous Barcas for his friendly advice, and departed from his hospitable tents in peace.



HAPPY EFFECTS

O F

FILIAL PIETY.

IN a great sea port, in one of the most distant provinces in France, there lived a merchant who had carried on trade with equal honour and prosperity, until he was turned of fifty years of age; and then, by a sudden series of unexpected and unavoidable losses, found himself unable to comply with his engagements, and his wife and children, in whom he had placed his principal happiness, reduced into such a situation as doubled his distress.

His sole resource in this sad situation, was the reflection, that upon the strictest review of his own

conduct, nothing either of iniquity or imprudence appeared. He thought it best therefore to repair to Paris, in order to lay a true state of his affairs before his creditors, that, being convinced of his honesty, they might be induced to pity his misfortunes, and allow him a reasonable space of time to settle his affairs. He was very kindly received by some, and very civilly by all; from whence he conceived great hopes, which he communicated to his family. But these were speedily dashed by the cruelty of his principal creditor, who caused him to be seized and sent to a goal.

As soon as this melancholy event was known in the country, his eldest son, who was turned of nineteen, listening only to the dictates of filial piety, came post to Paris, and threw himself at the feet of the obdurate creditor, to whom he painted the distress of the family, in the most pathetic terms, but without effect. At length in the greatest agony of mind, he said: "Sir, since you think nothing can compensate for your loss, but a victim, let your resentment devolve upon me: let me suffer instead of my father; and the miseries of a prison will seem light, in procuring the liberty of a parent, to console the sorrows of the distracted and dejected family that I have left behind me. Thus, Sir, you will satisfy your vengeance, without sealing their irretrievable ruin!" And here his sighs and tears stopped his utterance.

His father's creditor beheld him upon his knees in this condition, for a full quarter of an hour. He then sternly bid him rise and sit down, which he obeyed. The gentleman then walked from

one corner of the room to the other, in great agitation of mind, for about the same space of time. At length, throwing his arms about the young man's neck, "I find (said he), there is yet something more valuable than money. I have an only daughter, for whose fate I have the utmost anxiety. I am resolved to fix it; in marrying you she must be happy. Go, carry your father's discharge, ask his consent, bring him instantly hither, and let us bury in the joy of this alliance all remembrance of what has formerly happened." Thus the generous gratitude of the son relieved the calamity of the worthy father. The man who had considered wealth and happiness as synonymous terms, was freed from that fatal error; and providence vindicated the manner of its proceeding, by thus bringing light out of darkness, and through a short scene of misery, rewarding a virtuous family with lasting peace, in the enjoyment of that prosperity which they so well deserved.

A 4



JUSTICE and VIRTUE *absolutely necessary to man's happiness; exemplified in the TROGLODITES.*

THERE was a people among the Arabians called Troglodites, descended from an ancient people of that name, who were more like beasts than men.—They were not so deformed indeed; —they were not hairy like bears;—they did not hiss;—they had two eyes;—but they were so wicked and so wild, that they had no principle of equity or justice among them.—They had a king of a foreign original, who, to correct the wickedness of their nature, treated them severely; but they rose against him, killed him, and rooted out all the royal family.—This blow being struck, they assembled to settle a government, and, after much debate, they created magistrates; but they were scarce chosen before they became insupportable; and they massacred them also.—Delivered of this new yoke, they followed nothing but the dictates of their savage natures. They all agreed they would have no governor;—that every one should pursue his own interest, without consulting those of other men.—This unanimous resolution was extremely grateful to all the Troglodites. They cried, “Why should I work myself to death for persons whom I am not at all concerned for?” “I will mind myself only; I will live happy.

“What is it to me whether others are so or not?
 “What I want I will have; and, if I have it,
 “what matter to me how miserable others are.”
 It was then seed-time; and every one said, “I
 “will till my ground only for just so much corn
 “as is necessary for my own subsistence; more
 “than I need myself is superfluous. Why labour
 “for nothing?”——The lands of this little king-
 dom were not all alike fruitful: Some were dry;
 some were mountainous; and the lower grounds
 were watered with several springs. There hap-
 pened a great drought this year, insomuch that
 the up-lands failed entirely; whereas the low-
 lands, watered with springs, were very fruitful.
 Thus almost all the inhabitants of the mountains
 perished for want of bread, those of the low-coun-
 try being so hard-hearted as to deny them a portion
 of their harvest. The next year was a wet sea-
 son: The up-lands abounded with corn; and the
 lower were drowned: Half the nation again cri-
 ed out famine; but the mountaineers were as
 hard-hearted as the inhabitants of the low-lands
 had been. One of the principal men of the
 country had a handsome wife. His neighbour
 fell in love with her, and took her from him.
 This occasioned a great quarrel; and after much
 scolding and many blows, they agreed to refer
 the matter to a Troglodite who, while the repub-
 lic lasted, had some credit among them. They
 went to him, and were going to tell their case;
 but he cut them short: “What matters it to me,”
 “said he, “which of you have the woman? I
 “must look after my ground, and not waste my

"time upon your affairs to the detriment of my
 "own. Pray leave me, and do not disturb me
 "with your differences." At these words he
 went about his business. The ravisher, who was
 the stronger man of the two, swore he would ra-
 ther lose his life, than part with the woman; and
 the husband was forced to return home, cursing
 the injustice of his neighbour, and the morose-
 ness of his judge. As he was going to his house,
 he met with a young handsome woman coming
 from the well. He had now no woman of his
 own. She pleased him at first sight, but still
 more, when he understood it was the wife of the
 man, whom he had chosen to be judge between
 him and the ravisher, and who made so light of
 his case. He took and carried her with him by
 force. There was a man who had a pretty fertile
 field, which he cultivated with care. Two of
 his neighbours joined together, drove him out of
 his house, and possessed themselves of his field.
 They entered into a league to defend themselves
 against all those who should endeavour to dispos-
 ses them, and maintained themselves in it several
 months: but one of them, being weary of enjoy-
 ing in partnership what he might have all to him-
 self, killed the other, and became sole master of
 the field. His empire was of short duration; two
 other Troglodites came and fell upon him; he
 was too weak for both; and they murdered him
 as he had done his partner. A Troglodite, who
 was almost naked, saw some cloth to be sold.—
 He demanded the price. Says the draper to
 himself, "I ought not indeed to have more for

“my cloth, than would purchase two bushels of
 “wheat; but I will have as much as will buy
 “me eight bushels.” The man wanted the
 cloth, and must pay what the draper demanded.
 “This is pretty well,” says the draper; “I shall
 “have bread now.” — “How is that?” replied
 his customer. “Do you want corn? I have
 “some to sell; but perhaps the price will startle
 “you, for you know wheat is very dear, and the
 “famine spreads almost every where; but give
 “me my money back, and you shall have a
 “bushel; and you shall not have it cheaper,
 “though you should die of hunger.” — A mor-
 tal distemper in the meanwhile raged in the coun-
 try. An able physician arrived there out of a
 neighbouring one. His remedies were so effec-
 tual, that they cured all who took them. When
 the contagion was over, he went to those he had
 cured, and demanded payment; but he met with
 denials only. He returned home worn out with
 the fatigue of his journey, and soon after under-
 stood, that the same distemper had again got a-
 mong the Troglodites, and raged worse than ever
 among that ungrateful people. They came to him
 this time, without waiting for him to come to
 them. — “Go, unjust men as you are,” said he
 to them; there is a poison in your souls more
 mortal than the contagion you would be cured
 of. — You deserve not a dwelling-place upon
 earth. You know not what humanity is, and are
 ignorant of the rules of equity. I should think
 I offended the gods who punish you, if I oppos-
 ed the justice of their wrath.” — Thus they pe-

rished by their own wickedness, and became the victims of their own injustice.



THE
HERMIT OF LEBANON.

A T A L E.

MOST travellers, that have visited the eastern parts, agree, that the present inhabitants are remarkably stupid and illiterate; and that ignorance has drawn her tenebrous mantle over the countries where formerly the lamp of wisdom shone with distinguished lustre.—This observation, however true it may be in general, is not just with regard to every individual. There are still some persons whose minds are illuminated with the rays of science, and who study, and, I dare say practise too, the precepts of virtue and religion. Several of this kind I have seen in my travels, particularly an aged hermit, whom I fortunately met with, when I visited the celebrated mountain of Lebanon in 1746. It would be foreign from the intention of this letter, to attempt a particular description of this famous mountain, from whence the cedars were brought for building the temple of Solomon, the most splendid structure the world ever saw; but time has strangely changed the face of this country. The extensive forests of Lebanon, which contain-

ed such multitudes of spreading cedars, are reduced to one single grove of about a mile in circumference, containing about eighteen large cedars, a considerable number of small ones, and a few pines. While we were viewing the cedars, an aged hermit approached us; and, after making some remarks on these famous trees, conducted us to the convent of Cannobine, built on the declivity of Lebanon, in the most retired and romantic situation that can possibly be conceived. It stands on the north side of a most remarkable chasm or rupture of the mountain, at the bottom of which runs a large current of water, which tumbles down the rocks in numerous cascades. The murmur of these falling streams, and the hollow sound of the wind among the trees, encrease the solemnity of the place, and tend greatly to compose the mind, and inspire the soul with reflections worthy of its nature. Both sides of this chasm are remarkably steep, and covered with trees of the most beautiful verdure, many of which being of the aromatic kind, render the air delightfully fragrant. The church of this convent is a large grotto, and in one of the windows are three bells, which serve to call the monks to their devotions; (a favour allowed them no where else in all the Turkish dominions). The convent itself stands at the mouth of a large cave; and, except two or three rooms, is wholly composed of subterraneous apartments.

After viewing every part of this sequestered retreat, the hermit conducted us to his cell, which stood on the margin of the same chasm, about a

quarter of a mile from the convent. Before the entrance of this homely mansion was a large spreading tree; and on the right-side a small stream, which had its rise at some distance above, in the side of the mountain, and here tumbled into the torrent at the bottom of the chasm. It is still the custom among the inhabitants of the East, to entertain their guests under a tree; a circumstance the more pleasing to me, as it resembled the practice of the ancient patriarchs, and filled my mind with the most pleasing ideas of ancient simplicity. After a short repast, we asked the hermit how long he had resided in that solitary habitation; and why he chose to seclude himself from society? To which he was pleased to answer, addressing himself to me, "I am a native of Scio, a famous island of the Archipelago, and not a stranger to the customs of Europe, having studied seven years at Rome; and after my return, lived many years in my native country; but being desirous of retiring from the world, and spending the remainder of my days in solitude, I repaired to this mountain, where I have now lived above forty years, and experienced more real pleasure and satisfaction in this sequestered grotto, than in all the noise, the bustle, and hurry of this busy world. Curiosity, my son, doubtless inspired thee with a desire of visiting this famous mountain; but that the journey may not be wholly in vain, attend to the instructions of the aged, and let the hoary head teach thee wisdom. Weigh not the dispensations of heaven in the imperfect balance of human reason; but be resigned to the

finger of the Almighty. Murmur not at the seeming frowns of Providence, and the distribution of riches in this imperfect state; for they are continually fluctuating like the waves of the ocean, and sooner dissipated than the morning mist. Remember, judgments are not sent in vain, nor mercies bestowed without commission. The actions of omnipotence are directed by infinite wisdom, which cannot err. Repine not, therefore, at thy mortal lot; but always take the present and future state in connection.

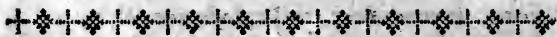
Consider this world is not the whole of existence; and though thou mayest want thy share on this side the grave, comfort thyself with this pleasing, this animating thought; that, if thou art really pious, thou shalt have large possessions in the regions that ly beyond it. These reflections, my son, will unravel the intricacies of Providence, and solve the perplexing riddles of life. Consider thine adversities will shortly terminate, and the most poignant afflictions soon reach their period. The clouds of adversity, darkness, and ignorance, that now spread a gloom over all the regions of thy breast, will retire at the appearance of the torch of wisdom; and, when the sun of religion arises in his strength, they will vanish and be seen no more.

If while thy little bark rides on the ocean of this world, rough storms, and contrary blasts alarm thy fears; yet remember that the voyage is short, and the danger will soon be over; and though the skies may darken, and the lowering aspect of the heavens terrify and surprize thee;

yet, be assured that brighter scenes will soon cheer thy sight, and more serene prospects ravish and delight thy soul; though the waves may roar, and the billows appear as mountains, yet winds, storms, confusions, and disorders, nay, even death itself, shall all conspire to waft thee to the happy empyrean shore. Let the consideration of the uncertainty of life, be a continual memento of thy fluctuating condition; acquaint thyself with the monuments of death, and contract a familiarity with the king of terrors. Remember the omniscient eye of heaven observes all thy actions, and let not death surprise thee in an unguarded hour. Accumulate not riches to thyself, neither be thou covetous of large possessions. Let thy request to Heaven be, like that of Agur, ‘Give me neither poverty nor riches.’ Delivered from the difficulties and the hardships of the one, and unembarrassed with the incumbrances and perplexities of the other, thou wilt live in comfort and satisfaction, and thy days will glide on in a pleasant serenity. Never imagine temporal things to be permanent; let thine own mind limit their duration. Vicissitudes unexpected may turn back the wheels of prosperity; and changes sudden as the whirlwinds of the desert, destroy all thy pleasing hopes of a long continued succession of delights. Place not, therefore, thy felicity on fleeting objects, nor stretch out thine hands to grasp at shadows. Build not thy joys on an aerial foundation, nor place thine hopes on the phantoms of a waking dream. Prepare for misfortunes, and keep thyself always ready to war with adversity.

Every thing in nature may be justly considered as an instructive lesson of our own mortality. Life has its spring, its summer, its autumn, and its winter. Many find a passage from the first to the grave; but those who survive both the summer and the autumn, must inevitably fall beneath the chilling blasts of winter; and the frozen hand of death will open for them the dreary portals of the tomb. Remember, my son, we are all bound on a voyage to eternity, and that the passage is difficult and full of dangers; let us therefore be remarkably careful, lest the current of prosperity should carry our little barks into the eddies of pleasure, and they be swallowed up in the whirlpools of vice, or beaten to pieces in the rocks of despair. The merchant, animated with the hopes of riches, traverses the burning sands of the Arabian wastes, to fetch the choice productions of the East; but what are all the golden treasures of Indostan, the pearls of Ormus, or the diamonds of Golconda, when compared with the permanent riches, which crown the toils and sufferings of a Christian? What person, therefore, would neglect such glorious prospects, because a few boisterous winds and adverse blasts may attend his passage; surely he is undeserving of such glorious treasures, who is afraid to hazard a few momentary and perishing trifles, for joys of such intrinsic value and eternal duration. Pursue now, my son, thy journey in peace; and when, by the favour of the Almighty, thou hast reached the land of thy nativity, and sittest at ease in the habitation of thy fathers, engrave these precepts on the

table of thy memory, and make them the constant subject of thy thoughts; for then shalt thou securely tread the paths of virtue, and desire, rather than fear the approach of the king of terrors. Thou shalt smile at misfortunes, and under the weighty hand of adversity remember with pleasure the aged inhabitant of Lebanon."



THE EQUIVOCATION.

A T. A. L. E.

AN abbot rich (whose taste was good
Alike in science and in food)
His bishop had resolv'd to treat;
The bishop came, the bishop eat;
'Twas silence, till their stomachs fail'd;
And now at Heretics they rail'd;
What heresy (the prelate said)
Is in that church where priests may wed!
Do not we take the church for life?
But those divorce her for a wife,
Like laymen keep her in their houses,
And own the children of their spouses.
Vile practices! the abbot cry'd,
For pious use we're set aside;
Shall we take wives? Marriage at best
Is but carnality profess.

Now as the bishop took his glass,
 He spy'd our abbot's buxom lass,
 Who cross'd the room, he mark'd her eye
 That glow'd with love; his pulse beat high.

Eye, father, fy, (the prelate cries)

A maid so young! for shame, be wise.

These indiscretions lend a handle

To lewd lay tongues, to give us scandal;

For your vow's sake, this rule I give to'ye,

Let all your maids be turn'd of fifty.

The priest reply'd, I have not swerv'd,

But your chaste precept well observ'd,

That lass full twenty-five has told,

I've yet another who's as old;

Into one sum their ages cast;

So both my maids have fifty past.

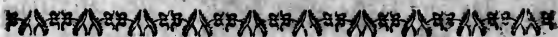
The prelate smil'd, but durst not blame:

For why? his lordship did the same.

Let those who reprimand their brothers,

First mend the faults they find in others.





T H E
H I S T O R Y

O F
K I N G C H A R L E S ' s E S C A P E .

KING Charles II. was by nature extremely familiar, of easy access, and much delighted to see and be seen. He delighted, though a monarch, to give and take a jest; to be the first man at cock-matches, horse-races, balls and plays. He more than once dined with his good citizens of London on their lord mayor's day, and did so the year Sir Robert Viner was mayor. Sir Robert was a very loyal man; but what with the joy he felt at heart for the honour done him by his prince, or through the warmth he was in with continual toasting the royal family, his lordship grew a little too fond of his majesty, and entered into a familiarity of discourse not altogether so graceful in so public a place. The king understood very well how to extricate himself out of all difficulties of this sort, and with an hint to the company to avoid ceremony, stole off and made towards his coach, which stood ready for him in Guildhall-yard. But the mayor liked his company so well, and was grown so intimate, that he pursued him hastily, and catching him fast by the hand, cried

out with a vehement oath and accent, Sir, you shall stay and take t'other bottle. The airy monarch looked kindly at him over his shoulder, and with a smile and graceful air, repeated this line of the old song;

He that is drunk is as great as a king;

and immediately turned back, and complied with his lordship's humour.

The story of this king's escape after the battle of Worcester will, perhaps, account for that freedom of access and familiarity his majesty was so remarkable for; and though somewhat long, is very curious to be known; I shall therefore give it as related by lord Clarendon, who no doubt had the best opportunity of being acquainted with the particulars.

The last fatal battle of Worcester, says he, was no sooner decided, than the king thought of nothing so much as providing for his own safety; he therefore took the advantage of the night, slipped away from the body of horse that attended him, and betook himself to an adjacent wood, where in the morning he discerned another man, who had got up an oak near the place where the king had rested himself. This man's name was Careless, a captain under lord Loughborough, who knew the king, and the king him; and persuaded his majesty, since it could not be safe for him to leave the wood till the heat of the pursuit abated, to ascend the tree he had just quitted, where the boughs were so thick with leaves, that

no person could be discovered without a narrower enquiry than people usually make in places which they do not suspect. The king did so, and was followed by Careless, and in that tree they sat securely all the next day, and saw many who came in pursuit of them, and heard their discourse. The day being spent, it was not in the king's power to forget that he had lived two days with eating very little, and two nights with as little sleep; so that now it was dark he was willing to make some provision for both; and with the advice and assistance of his companion, after walking at least nine or ten miles, they came to a poor cottage, the owner whereof being a Roman Catholic, was known to Careless, who fortunately for the king, was of that religion. Him they called up, who presently carried them into a little hovel, full of hay, which was a better lodging than he had for himself. But when they had conferred with their host of the news and temper of the country, it was agreed, that the danger would be greater if they staid together, and therefore that Careless should presently be gone, and should within two days send a trusty person to the king to guide him to some other place of security, and in the mean time his majesty should stay upon the hay-mow. The king slept very well in his lodging till morning, when his host brought him a piece of bread, and a great pot of butter-milk, which he thought the best food he had ever eaten. The poor man was ignorant of the quality of his guest, but spoke very intelligibly to him of the

country, and of the people who were well or ill affected to the king, and of the great fear and terror that possessed the hearts of those who were best affected. He told him, that what he had brought him was the fare he and his wife had; and that he feared if he should endeavour to procure better, it might draw suspicion upon him, and people might be apt to think he had somebody with him that was not of his own family; however, if he would have him get some meat, he would do it. The king was satisfied with his reason, and after two days penance in this place, a man, a little above the condition of his host, came from Careless, to conduct him to another house, more out of the way. It was above twelve miles he was to travel, and was to be cautious not to go into any common road, which his guide knew well how to avoid. He had already cut off his hair, and now he new dressed himself, changing cloaths with his landlord; he had a great mind to have kept his own shirt, but he considered that men are not sooner discovered by any marks of disguises, than by having fine linen in bad cloaths; and so he parted with his shirt too, and took the same his poor host had then on. Though he had foreseen that he must leave his boots, and his landlord had taken the best care he could to provide an old pair of shoes, yet they were uneasy when he first put them on, and in a short time after grew very grievous to him. Thus equipt, he set out from his first lodging in the beginning of the night, crossing hedges and ditches, which so tired him that he was even ready to de-

spair, and prefer being taken and suffered to rest, before purchasing his safety at so dear a rate. His shoes had, after a few miles, hurt him so much, that he had thrown them away and walked in his stockings; and his feet, with the thorns in getting over the hedges, and with the stones in other places, were so hurt and wounded, that he many times cast himself upon the ground with a desperate and obstinate resolution to rest there till the morning, what hazard soever he run. But his stout guide still prevailed with him to make a new attempt, till at length they arrived at the house designed; which, though it was better than that he had left, his lodging was still in the barn upon straw instead of hay. Here he had such fare as poor people use to have, with which, but especially with the butter and cheese, he thought himself well feasted; and took the best care he could to be supplied with other shoes and stockings; and after his feet were enough recovered that he could go, he was conducted from one poor house to another, and concealed with great fidelity. Within a few days one Mr. Huddleston, a Benedictine monk, came to him, sent by Careless, and was of singular service to his majesty. This man told him, that lord Wilmot lay concealed likewise in a friend's house of his, which his majesty was glad to hear, and wished him to contrive some means how they might speak together; which the other did. Wilmot told the king, that he had by very good fortune fallen into the house of one Mr. Lane, a person remarkable for his fidelity to the king, but of so univer-

fal a good name, that though he had a son, a colonel in the king's service, people of all parties paid the old man very great respect; and therefore he advised his majesty to repair to this gentleman's house, where he was sure he might lie concealed till a further deliverance could be contrived. The king liked the proposition, and was willing that he should know what guest he received; for hitherto none of his hosts knew or seemed to suspect that he was more than one of the king's party that fled from Worcester. Mr. Lane received him with joy, and took care to accommodate him in such places as in a large house had been provided for the purposes of concealment. Here he remained some months, receiving every day information of the great consternation the king was in, lest his person should fall into the hands of his enemies, and of the diligence they used to search after him. He read the proclamation that was issued out and printed, in which a thousand pounds were promised to any man who would discover and deliver up the person of Charles Stuart, and the penalty of high-treason declared against those who presumed to harbour or conceal him; by which he saw how much he was beholden to all those who were faithful to him. It was high time to consider how he might get near the sea in order for his escape. He was now on the borders of Staffordshire, near the middle of the kingdom, where he was an utter stranger to all the ports and coast: In the west he was best acquainted, and that coast was most proper to transport him into France, to which he was in-

clined. Upon this matter he consulted with the old gentleman, the colonel his son, and a young lady of great discretion, daughter to Mr. Lane, who was very fit to bear a part in such a trust. Mr. Lane had a niece married to Mr. Norton, a clergyman, of 8 or 900 l. a year, who lived within a few miles of Bristol, at least four or five days journey from the place where the king then was, but a place most to be wished for the king to be in, because he was well known and well beloved in all that country. It was hereupon resolved that Miss Lane should visit this cousin, and that she should ride behind the king, who was fitted with cloaths and boots for such a service, and only one servant to attend them. A good house was pitched upon for the first night's lodging, where Wilmot had notice given him to meet: and in this equipage the king began his journey, the colonel keeping him company at a distance with his hawk, and two or three spaniels; which, where there were any fields at hand, warranted him to ride out of the way, keeping his company still in his eye, and not seeming to be of it. In this manner they came to their first night's lodging; here lord Wilmot found them; and every day's journey being then settled, he was instructed where he should meet them at night. The colonel continued to hawk with them till he had brought them within a day's journey of Mr. Norton's house, and then he gave his hawk to Wilmot, who finished the journey in the same exercise.

There was great care taken when they came to any house, that the king might be presently car-

ried into some chamber, Miss Lane declaring that he was a neighbour's son whom his father had sent with her, in that he would the sooner recover from a quartan ague with which he had been miserably afflicted, and was not yet free. And by this artifice she caused him to be handsomely provided for, and often waited upon him herself, to prevent the servants from too narrowly observing him. There was no resting-place till they came to Mr. Norton's; nor any thing extraordinary that happened in the way, save that they met many people every day who were well known to the king; and the day they went to Mr. Norton's, they were necessarily to ride quite through Bristol, a place and people the king was well acquainted with, and could not but send his eyes abroad to view the great alterations which a little time had made there; and when he rode near the place where the great fort had stood, he could not forbear putting his horse out of the way, and rode with his mistress behind him round about it. They came to Mr. Norton's house sooner than usual, and though in the middle of October, they saw many people about a bowling-green that was before the door; and the first man the king saw was a chaplain of his own, who was allied to the gentleman of the house, and was sitting upon the rails to see how the bowlers played. William, by which name the king went, walked with his horse into the stable till his mistress could provide for his retreat. Miss Lane was very welcome to her cousin, and was presently conducted to her chamber; where she had no sooner entered than she lament-

ed the condition of a good youth who came with her, and who was very sick, being newly recovered of an ague. A chamber was immediately made ready, and a boy sent into the stable to call William, who was very glad to retire from the company below. When it was supper-time, there being broth brought to the table, Miss Lane filled a little dish, and desired the butler who waited at table to carry that dish to William. The butler carried the broth, and looking upon the young man narrowly fell upon his knees, and with tears told him, he was glad to see his majesty. The king was infinitely surprised, yet recollected himself enough to laugh at the man, and to ask him, what he meant? The man's name was John Pope; he had been falconer to Sir Thomas Jermyn, and made it appear that he knew well to whom he spoke; whereupon the king conjured him not to discover him not even to his master; the man promised, and kept his word; and the king was better served during his abode there. Dr. Gorges, the king's chaplain, as has been said, supped with Mr. Norton that night, and being a man of chearful conversation, asked Miss Lane many questions concerning William, to which she gave such answers as occurred. The doctor, from the final prevalence of the parliament, had, like many others, declined his profession, and pretended to study physic; and as soon as supper was over, out of good-nature, and without telling any body, he went to see William. The king saw him coming into the chamber, and withdrew to the inside of the

bed, that he might be farthest from the candle; and the doctor came and sat down by him, felt his pulse, and asked him many questions, which he answered in as few words as possible, and expressing great inclination to go to bed, the doctor left him, and went to Miss Lane, and told her that he had been with William, and that he would do well, and advised her what she should do if his ague returned. Next morning the doctor went away, so the king saw him no more; and lord Wilmot came to the house with his hawk to see Miss Lane, and so took an opportunity to see William, who was to consider what he was to do. They thought it necessary to rest some days till they were informed what port lay most convenient for them, and what person lived nearest to it, upon whose fidelity they might rely; and the king gave him directions to enquire after some persons, and some other particulars, of which, when he should be fully instructed, he should return again to him. In the mean time Wilmot lodged in a house not far from Mr. Norton's, to which he had been recommended. After some days stay here, the king came to know that colonel Francis Windham lived within a little more than a day's journey of the place where he was; of which he was very glad; for besides the inclination he had to his elder brother, whose wife had been his nurse, this gentleman had behaved himself very well during the war, and had been governor of Dunstar-Castle, where the king lodged when he was in the West. The king sent Wilmot to him, and a time and place being ap-

pointed to meet, the king took his leave of Miss Lane, who remained at her cousin's, and so departed, accompanied only by lord Wilmot. In their way they met Mr. Kirton, a servant of the king's, who well knew lord Wilmot, but took no notice of him, nor suspected the king to be in his company. At the place of meeting they rested only one night, and then the king went to the colonel's house, where he staid till the colonel projected at what place he might embark, and how they might procure a vessel, which was no easy matter to do, there being so great a fear possessing even the well-affected, that no body outward bound cared to take in any passenger. There was a gentleman, one Mr. Ellison, who lived near Lyme in Dorsetshire, and was well known to colonel Windham, having been a captain in the king's army; and with him the colonel consulted how they might be ready to take in a couple of gentlemen, friends of his, who were in danger of being arrested, and to transport them to France. Though no man would ask who the persons were, yet it could not but be suspected they were of the Worcester party. Lyme was generally as malicious and disaffected to the king's interest as any town in England could be; yet there was in it the master of a bark, of whose honesty captain Ellison was very confident. This man was lately returned from France, and had unladen his vessel when Ellison asked him whether he would undertake to carry over a couple of gentlemen and land them in France, if he might have 50*l.* for his trouble. The man said, he

might well be suspected for going to sea again without being freighted, after he was so newly returned; yet he undertook it. Colonel Windham being advertised of this, came together with lord Wilmot to the captain's house, from whence they both rode to a house near Lyme, where the master of the bark met them; and it was there concluded that on such a night, when the tide served, the man should draw out his vessel from the pier, and being at sea should come to such a point, about a mile from the town, where his ship should remain upon the beach when the water was gone, which would take her off again about break of day when the tide served next morning. There was very near this point a small inn, kept by a man who was reputed honest, to which the cavaliers of the country often resorted; and the London post road passed that way, so that it was seldom without company. Into that inn the two gentlemen were to come in the beginning of the night, that they might put themselves on board. All things being thus concerted, and good earnest given to the master, lord Wilmot and the colonel returned to the colonel's house, above a day's journey from the place, the captain undertaking every day to look that the master should proceed, and if any thing fell out contrary to expectation, to give the colonel notice at such a place where they intended the king should be the day before he was to embark. The king being satisfied with these preparations, came at the time appointed to that house where he was to hear how things went, and was assured that the man had

honestly put his provisions on board, and had his crew ready, which was but four men, and that the vessel should be drawn out that night; so that it was fit the two persons should repair to the place appointed. The captain conducted them within sight of it, and then went to his own house not distant a mile from it; the colonel remaining still at the house where they had lodged the night before till he might hear the news of their being embarked. They found many passengers in the inn, and so were to be contented with an ordinary chamber, which they did not intend to sleep long in. But as soon as there appeared any light, Wilmot went out to discover the bark, of which there was no appearance. In a word, the sun rose, and nothing like a ship in view. They sent to the captain, who was as much amazed; and he sent to the town, and his servant could not find the master of the bark, which was still in the pier. They suspected the captain, and the captain suspected the master. However, it being now past ten of the clock, they concluded it was not fit for them to stay longer there, and so they mounted their horses to return to the house where they had left the colonel, who they knew, was resolved to stay there till he was assured that they were gone. The truth of the disappointment was this; the man meant honestly, and made all things ready for his departure; and the night he was to go out with his vessel he had staid in his own house, and slept two or three hours, and the time of the tide being come, he took out of a cupboard some linen and other things which he used to car-

ry with him to sea. His wife had observed, that he had been for some days fuller of thought than he used to be, and that he had been speaking with seamen who used to go with him, and that some of them had carried provisions on board; of which she had asked her husband the reason, who told her, that he was promised freight speedily, and therefore he would make all things ready. She was sure there was not yet any lading in the ship, and therefore when she saw her husband take all those materials with him, which was a sure sign that he meant to go to sea, and it being late in the night, she shut the door, and swore he should not go out of his house. He told her he must go, and was engaged to go to sea that night, for which he should be well paid. His wife told him, she was sure he was doing something that would undo him, and she was resolved he should not go out of his house; and if he should persist in it, she would tell her neighbours, and carry him before the mayor to be examined, that the truth might be found out. The poor man, thus mastered by the passion and violence of his wife, was forced to yield to her, that there might be no further noise, and so went into his bed. And it was very happy that the king's jealousy hastened him from that inn. It was the solemn fast-day which was observed in those times, principally to inflame the people against the king and his party, and there was a chapel in that village over-against that inn, where a weaver, who had been a soldier, used to preach, and utter all the villainy imaginable against the old order of government;

and he was then in the chapel preaching to his congregation when the king went from thence, and telling the people that Charles Stuart was lurking somewhere in that country, and what they would merit from God Almighty if they could find him out. The passengers, who had lodged in the inn that night, had, as soon as they were up, sent for a smith to examine their horses shoes, it being a hard frost. The fellow, when he had done what he was sent for, according to the custom of that people, examined the feet of the other two horses, to find more work. When he had observed them, he told the landlord, that one of those horses had travelled far, and that he was sure his four shoes had been made in four several counties; which, whether his skill was able to discover, or no, was very true. The smith going to the sermon, told the story to some of his neighbours, and so it came to the ears of the preacher when his sermon was done. Immediately he sent for an officer and searched the inn, and enquired for those horses, and being informed that they were gone, he caused horses to be sent to follow them, and to make enquiry after the two men that rid them, and positively declared, that one of them was Charles Stuart. All this they learnt afterwards from captain Ellison. But to return: When they came again to the colonel, they presently concluded, that they were to make no longer stay in those parts, nor any more to endeavour to find a ship upon that coast; and without any farther delay they rode back to the colonel's house, where they arrived in the night.

Then they resolved to make their next attempt in Hampshire and Suffex, where colonel Windham had no interest. There was between that and Salisbury, a very honest gentleman, colonel Robert Philips, a younger brother, of a very good family, whom the king was resolved to trust; and so sent the lord Wilmot to a place from whence he might send to Mr. Philips, and when he had spoken with him, Mr. Philips should come to the king, and lord Wilmot should stay in such a place as they two should agree. Mr. Philips accordingly came to the colonel's house, which he could do without suspicion, they being nearly allied. The ways were full of soldiers, which were sent now from the army to their quarters, and many regiments of horse and foot were assigned for the west, of which division Desborough was commander in chief. These marches were likely to last many days, and it was not thought adviseable for the king to stay so long in that place; thereupon he had recourse to his old stratagem of taking a woman behind him, a kinswoman of colonel Windham's, whom he carried in that manner to a place not far from Salisbury; to which colonel Philips conducted him. In this journey he passed through the middle of a regiment of horse; and presently after met Desborough walking down a hill, and three or four men with him who had lodged in Salisbury the night before; all that road being full of soldiers. The next day, upon the plain, Dr. Henchman, one of the prebendaries of Salisbury, met the king; lord Wilmot, and Mr. Philips then leaving him to go to the sea coast to

find a vessel; the doctor conducted the king to Heale, a seat three miles from Salisbury, belonging then to serjeant Hyde, who was afterwards chief-justice of the king's bench, and then in the occupation of the widow of his eldest brother, where coming late in the evening, he supped with some gentlemen who accidentally were in the house, which could not well be avoided. But the next morning he went early from thence, as he had continued his journey; and the widow being trusted with the knowledge of her guest, sent her servants out of the way; and, at an hour appointed, received him again, and accommodated him in a little room, which had been made since the beginning of the troubles for concealment. Here he was entertained unknown to some gentlemen who lived in the house, and to others who daily resorted thither, for many days; the widow herself only attending him, and bringing him such letters as the doctor received from Wilmot and Philips. A vessel being at last provided upon the coast of Sussex, and notice thereof sent to Dr. Henchman, he sent to the king to meet him at Stone-henge, whither the widow took care to direct him; and being there met, he attended him to the place where colonel Philips received him. He the next day delivered him to lord Wilmot, who went with him to a house in Sussex, recommended by colonel Gunter, a gentleman of that county that had served the king in the war, who met him there; and had provided a little bark at Brighthelmsted, where he went early on board, and arrived safely in Normandy,

in November, in a small creek, from whence he got to Roan, and thence to court, where we shall now leave him.



THE
CONTENTED CLOWN.

A T A L E.

YOUNG Hodge, a poor, but a contented swain,
Rented a homely cottage on the plain;
Homely you'd say, if you the cottage saw,
The walls were rear'd of mud, and thatch'd with
straw :

In wond'rous form at every corner stood
A mighty pole lopp'd from a neighb'ring wood;
Not columns plac'd for show and wanton pride,
But to support with safety every side.
For when, with furious blast, the north wind blew,
Hodge long had thought that ruin would ensue:
And landlord nought would give, so lov'd he pelf,
That Hodge e'en turn'd an architect himself:
Therefore, as he consulted use alone,
Laid parlour, hall, and kitchen, into one.
Well with the place the furniture agreed;
No implements of luxury, but need:
Five wooden platters in a comely row,
With eke as many beechen spoons below;
An iron pot stood open to the view,
By which that he good living kept you knew:

On half one side the antique bed was plac'd,
 One whole chair, and three broke the other
 All that you cou'd unnecessary call, [grac'd;
 Were some old tatter'd ballads on the wall:
 Alike of wealth was all his stock and store,
 Two bee-hives (one forsaken) at the door,
 And cabbages and turnips half a score:
 A meagre tit that on the common graz'd,
 A small runt cow that from a calf he rais'd;
 One cock, two hens, and half a dozen chicks,
 Two little heaps of hay, which Hodge called
 ricks:

Three pigs, within doors, kept, and serv'd with
 care;

To these—a wife—two girls—a son and heir:
 These were his stock—not did he e'er repine,
 Tho' pigs, wife, children, often did combine
 To greet his ears, and in loud concert join.
 But 'midst this scene of poverty and woes,
 Hodge, by his looks no discontentment shows;
 He feels no secret pangs, betrays no spleen,
 But in his face a blithful mirth is seen.

At work he whistles; when his work is done,
 No more is tir'd than when he first begun;
 Homeward he hies, and tunes a merry song,
 His lov'd, tho' dirty, squawling tribe among:
 Happy the day, as happy proves the night,
 And Madge and Hodge experience true delight;
 Nor doubt that both their pleasures are sincere,
 When a brave chopping child comes once a year.

Such Hodge's life was, which a neighb'ring
 'squire

Did often with an envious mind admire;

Wonder'd a clown, in such penurious state,
 Never repin'd at heav'n, and curs'd his fate,
 But still was merry, and was still content;
 And though his charge increas'd——still paid his
 rent.

—The 'squire once caught him felling down an
 oak,

And tho' he toil'd, still sung 'twixt ev'ry stroke:
 Pleas'd at his lightsome heart, began a chat,
 And after some discourse of this and that;

“ Pray Hodge, cries he, as hardship you endure,
 “ How can you be so merry, and so poor?

“ You whistle, sing, contented are, and free,
 “ Some secret sure you have; pray tell it me.”

Hodge stops a while, and with a leer replies,
 “ You shall the secret know without disguise:

“ Why, when I think of such fine folk as you,
 “ That ride in coaches and have nought to do;

“ Who live upon the fat of all the land,
 “ Have coaches, horses, servants at command:

“ Why then, an't please your worship, in good
 “ faith,

“ A secret curse or two my father hath,
 “ Who under such a star a son begot,

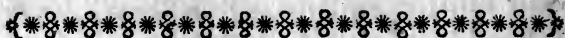
“ That never will thro' life be worth a groat.
 “ But when I change the case, and think how

“ few

“ Have such estates, and live like one of you;
 “ And yet how many millions have the curse

“ Of my condition, if not still a worse;
 “ Content, the work I follow I began,

“ And still jog on as merry as I can.”



T H E
P O W E R o f B E A U T Y .

A T A L E .

CHARLOTTE, the daughter of colonel Summers, was the most perfect beauty nature ever formed : All the graces which adorn the female sex were concentrated in her, and the fine accomplishments of her mind gained her as many admirers, as did her external charms. Her father closed a life of heroic actions, and died for his king and country at St. Cas. Charlotte was therefore left an orphan, and under the guardianship of Squire Thomlinson, a particular friend of her father's, who on quitting the kingdom, committed her to his care. Her guardian, turned of eighty, and labouring under all the infirmities of old age, was vain enough to think that notwithstanding all these disadvantages, he was no improper match for his beauteous ward, especially as he was very rich, and the young lady had no fortune at all; her father, like too many others, despising oeconomy, had lived so far above his income as to be forced to part with even the last valuables to equip him for the expedition. But alas! how great was his disappointment, when she received his love with a contemptuous smile.

The old gentleman did not reflect how formi-

dable a rival he had in his nephew Captain Johnston. The young lady had seen him often, and her esteem by degrees ripening into love, she at length fixed her affections entirely on him. Her guardian perceived their mutual flame with indignation: He called his nephew into his closet one day, when the following conversation ensued. "Nephew, you are sensible that I have always regarded you as my son, my behaviour has ever born testimony of my love; the care I have taken of your education, and my endeavours to place you in a sphere of life equal to the rank which your deceased honoured father held in the world, are convincing arguments how much I had your welfare at heart." Young Johnston bowed respectfully, in token of acknowledgement, and his uncle thus proceeded: "What I have hitherto done would be but little, did I not add one favour more; I have a mind you should marry—I know a young lady, whose numberless perfections, not to mention her beauty, will make you compleatly blest. In a word, can you love Miss Peason?" Sir, said young Johnston, I have never to my knowledge seen that young lady, besides—"Besides what?" answered his uncle. I am resolved to marry no one whom I cannot love. My affections are unalterably fixed on an object, whose transcendant charms would fire a Stoic: In a word, I can only be happy in the arms of Miss Summers.

"But," returned the old gentleman, "she has no fortune, and depends solely on my generosity for a portion: I certainly shall not turn her

into the world a beggar, though I do not intend to give her a dowry equal to what you on account of your affinity to me will possess at my decease. In a word, nephew, I am determined you shall marry Miss Pearson; if you oppose my will in this single point, you know what follows." At these words he left the room.

A short sketch of the young lady, whom old Thomlinson designed as a spouse to his young nephew is necessary in this place. She was tall, genteel, but far from being handsome; she was possessed of a tolerable share of good sense; but the fickleness of her temper made her company very disagreeable to all her intimates. To compensate in some measure for these disadvantages, she was immensely rich. This gained her many of that species of admirers, who think that happiness entirely consists in the possession of wealth. The flattering things they said, filled her with vanity, to which she was not a little prone by nature; and she implicitly believed them, when they swore they were dying for love of her. A duel fought between two rivals charmed her imagination, at the same time that it heightened her ambition.

Squire Thomlinson now thought he had gained his point; he never doubted but his nephew would instantly obey his commands for fear of being disinherited; and he hoped by degrees to gain so far on the affections of Charlotte, as to make her at least esteem him not altogether disagreeable. But he was mistaken, as will be seen in the sequel.

Old Thomlinson redoubled every effort to gain the good graces of his ward; but, to his unspeak-

able grief, found all his endeavours fruitless. He had long suspected that her affections were fixed on some other more happy object, and not doubting but his nephew was the fortunate enamorado, he resolved to leave no stone unturned to supplant his rival in the young lady's affections. Having, as he thought, brought over the young lady's maid to his interest by means of presents, he resolved to employ her as a spy over Miss Charlotte's actions. Betty, whose coat of arms might with the strictest adherence to truth be said to be impudence, with lying and contriving for the supporters, had the entire confidence of her mistress on all occasions. She was not a moment unemployed in putting in execution all the schemes practised by the two lovers to deceive the old dotard. She however received too many, and too valuable douceurs from Captain Johnston to be prevailed on to go over to the enemy; though she nevertheless shewed as great an attachment to his interest, as he seemed to exact; and the instructions she received from the uncle were employed as so many instruments to defeat all endeavours to obstruct their happiness. Not to tire our reader's patience with the recital of all the arts made use of by this thorough-paced mistress of intrigues, we shall content ourselves with recounting the following deception, which effectually rendered every future attempt of the Squire abortive. Betty, though once possessed of some beauty, had now lost the power of pleasing; she had, however, vanity to think that she might still do well enough for her old master, and therefore determined to make herself as use-

ful as she could in the accomplishment of her young lady's design, at the same time, to outward appearance, she seemed to frustrate all their schemes. To this purpose she procured the lovers several interviews in the garden, of which she kept the key. In these soft tête-a-têtes, they grew every moment more enamoured of each other, and at length resolved on an elopement; which they effected, without their intention being discovered, till it was too late to be prevented. The old gentleman could not contain his rage, and some circumstances afterwards appearing; which shewed that the chambermaid had no little share in the management of the plot, she was dismissed with ignominy.

As soon as the nuptial knot was tied, the lovers sent to Squire Thomlinson, to desire his blessing. He remained a long while inexorable; but at length by the mediation of his friends, he was prevailed on to admit them into his presence. A reconciliation followed of course, and the old gentleman made him in his will intitled to a fortune of four thousand pounds a year, besides a large sum of ready money.





DAMON AND PYTHIAS.

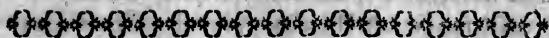
WHEN Damon was sentenced, by Dionysius the tyrant of Syracuse, to die on such a day, he prayed permission in the interim to retire to his own country, to set the affairs of his disconsolate family in order. This the tyrant intended most peremptorily to refuse, by granting it, as he conceived, on the impossible condition of his procuring some one to remain as hostage for his return, under equal forfeiture of his life. Pythias heard the condition, and did not wait for an application on the part of Damon; he instantly offered himself to durance in the place of his friend, and Damon was accordingly set at liberty. The king and all his courtiers were astonished at this action, as they could not account for it on any allowed principles.—Self-interest, in their judgment, was the sole mover of human affairs; and they looked on virtue, friendship, benevolence, love of country, and the like as terms invented by the wise to impose upon the weak.—They therefore imputed this act of Pythias to the extravagance of his folly, to the defect of head merely, and no way to any virtue or good quality of heart. When the day of the destined execution drew near, the tyrant had the curiosity to visit Pythias in his dungeon.—Having reproached him for the romantic stupidity of his conduct, and rallied him some time on his madness, in presum-

ing that Damon by his return would prove as great a fool as himself; "My Lord," said Pythias, with a firm voice and noble aspect, "I would it were possible that I might suffer a thousand deaths, rather than my friend should fail in any article of his honour. He cannot fail therein, my Lord. I am as confident of his virtue, as I am of my own existence. But I pray, I beseech the gods to preserve the life and integrity of my Damon together. Oppose him, ye winds! prevent the eagerness and impatience of his honourable endeavours! and suffer him not to arrive, till, by my death, I have redeemed a life a thousand times of more consequence, of more estimation, than my own; more estimable to his lovely wife, to his precious little innocents, to his friends, to his country. O, leave me not to die the worst of deaths in my Damon." Dionysius was awed and confounded by the dignity of these sentiments, and by the manner (still more sentimental) in which they were uttered; he felt his heart struck by a slight sense of invading truth, but it served rather to perplex than to undeceive him; he hesitated; he would have spoken; but he looked down, and retired in silence. The fatal day arrived. Pythias was brought forth, and walked amidst the guard, with a serious but satisfied air, to the place of execution. Dionysius was already there. He was exalted on a moving throne, that was drawn by six white horses, and sat pensive and attentive to the demeanour of the prisoner. Pythias came; he vaulted lightly on the scaffold; and, beholding for some time the apparatus of his death, he turned, and, with a pleased

countenance, thus addressed the assembly. "My prayers are heard.—The gods are propitious! You know, my friends, that the winds have been contrary all yesterday. Damon could not come; he could not conquer impossibilities; he will be here to-morrow; and the blood, which is shed to-day, shall have ransomed the life of my friend. O! could I erase from your bosoms every doubt, every mean suspicion of the honour of the man, for whom I am about to suffer, I should go to my death, even as I would to my bridal. Be it sufficient, in the mean time, that my friend will be found noble;—that his truth is unimpeachable;—that he will speedily approve it;—that he is now on his way, hurrying on, accusing himself, the adverse elements, and the gods. But I haste to prevent his speed.—Executioner, do your office." As he pronounced the last words, a buzz began to arise among the remotest of the people. A distant voice was heard. The croud caught the words; and Stop, stop the execution, was repeated by the whole assembly. A man came at full speed. The throng gave way to his approach. He was mounted on a steed of foam. In an instant he was off his horse—on the scaffold, and held Pythias straitly embraced. You are safe," he cried; "you are safe! I now have nothing but death to suffer; and I am delivered from the anguish of those reproaches which I gave myself, for having endangered a life so much dearer than my own." Pale, cold, and speechless in the arms of his Damon, Pythias replied in broken accents:—"Fatal haste!—Cruel impatience! What envious powers

have wrought impossibilities in your favour?—But I will not be wholly disappointed.—Since I cannot die to save, I will not survive you.” Dionysius heard, beheld, and considered all with astonishment. His heart was touched; his eyes were opened; and he could no longer refuse his assent to truth, so incontestably approved by their facts. He descended from his throne; he ascended the scaffold: “Live, live, ye incomparable pair!” he exclaimed. “Ye have born unquestionable testimony to the existence of virtue, and that virtue equally evinces the certainty of the existence of a God, a God to reward it.—Live happy! live renowned! and O! form me by your precepts, as you have invited me by your example, to be worthy of the participation of so sacred a friendship.”





THE

PARISH CLERK.

I.

LET courtly bards in polish'd phrase endite
 Soft madrigals, to celebrate the fair;
 Or paint the splendor of a birth-day night,
 When peers and dames in shining robes appear;
 The task be mine neglected worth to praise,
 Alas! too often found, in these degen'rate days.

II.

O gentle Shenstone! could the self-taught
 muse,
 Who joys, like thine, in rural shades to stray,
 Could she, like thine, while she her theme pur-
 sues,
 With native beauties deck the pleasing lay;
 Then should the humble clerk of Barton-Dean
 An equal meed of praise with thy school-mistress
 gain.

III.

Entr'ing the village in a deep-worn way,
 Hard by an aged oak, his dwelling stands;

The lowly roof is thatch, the walls are clay:
 All rudely rais'd by his forefathers' hands:
 Observe the homely hut as you pass by,
 And pity the good man that lives so wretchedly.

IV.

Vulcanian artist here, with oily brow
 And naked arm, he at his anvil plies,
 What time Aurora in the east does glow,
 And eke when Vesper gilds the western skies;
 The bellows roar, the hammers loud resound,
 And from the tortur'd mass the sparkles fly around.

V.

Hither the truant school-boy frequent wends,
 And slyly peeping o'er the hatch is seen
 To note the bick'ring workman, while he bends
 The steed's strong shoe, or forms the sickle
 keen.

Unthinking, little elf, what ills betide,
 Of breech begalled fore, and cruel task beside!

VI.

A deep historian, well I wot, is he,
 And many tomes of ancient lore has read,
 Of England's George, the flow'r of chivalry,
 Of Merlin's mirror, and the Brazen head;
 With hundred legends more, which to recite
 Would tire the wisest nurse, and spend the longest
 night.

VII.

To Nature's book he studiously applies,
 And oft, consulted by the anxious swain,
 With wistful gaze reviews the vaulted skies,
 And shews the signs of sure impending rain.
 Or thunder gather'd in the fervid air,
 Or if the harvest-month will be serene and fair.

VIII.

The various phases of the moon he knows,
 And whence her orb derives it's silver sheen,
 From what strange cause the madding Heygre
 flows,
 By which the peasants oft endanger'd been,
 As in their freighted barks they careless glide,
 And view th'inverted trees in Severn's chrystal
 tide.

IX.

Returning late at eve from wake or fair,
 Among a sort of poor unletter'd swains,
 He teaches them to name each brighter star;
 And of the northern lights the cause explains;
 Recounts what comets have appear'd of old,
 Portending dearth, and war, and mis'ries mani-
 fold.

X.

Around his bending shoulders graceful flow
 His curling silver locks, the growth of years;

Supported by a staff he walketh slow,
 And simple neatness in his mein appears :
 And every neighbour that perchance he meets,
 Or young or old be they, with courtesy he greets.

XI.

A goodly sight, I wot, it were to view
 The decent parish clerk on sabbath-day,
 Seated, beneath the curate, in his pew,
 Or, kneeling down with lifted hands to pray,
 And ever and anon, at close of prayer,
 He answereth, Amen! with sober solemn air!

XII.

Such times an ancient suit of black he wears,
 Which from the curate's wardrobe did descend;
 Love to his clerk the pious curate bears,
 Pities his wants and wisheth to befriend:
 But what, alas! can slender sal'ry do,
 Encumber'd by a wife, and children not a few?

XIII.

Thro' ev'ry season of the changing year,
 His strict regard for christian rites is seen,
 The holy church he decks with garlands fair,
 Or birchen boughs, or yew for ever green:
 On ev'ry pew a formal sprig is plac'd,
 And with a spacious branch the pulpit's top is grac'd.

XIV.

At Christmas tide, when ev'ry yeoman's hall
 With ancient hospitality is blest,
 Kind invitations he accepts from all,
 To share the plenteous, mirth-abounding feast;
 The Christmas feast imperfect would appear,
 Except their good old guest the parish clerk was
 there.

XV.

Then, when the mellow beer goes gaily round,
 And curls of smoke from lighted pipes aspire,
 When cheerful carols thro' the room resound,
 And crackling logs augment the blazing fire,
 His honest heart with social joy o'erflows,
 And many a merry tale he on his friends bestows.

XVI.

When, smit with mutual love, the youth and
 maid
 To weave the sacred nuptial knot agree;
 Pleas'd he attends, to lend his useful aid;
 And see the rites perform'd with decency:
 He gives the bride, and joins their trembling
 hands,
 While with the service-book the curate gravely
 stands.

XVII.

Then, while the merry bells the steeple shake,
 Ringing in honour of the happy pair,
 To notes of gladness while the minstrels wake,
 And lads and lasses the rich bride-cake share;
 O may the youthful bard a portion gain,
 To whom the rural sage its virtues did explain.

XVIII.

When from the church returns the blythsome
 train,
 A spicy cake two gentle maidens bring;
 Which, holding o'er the bride, they break in
 twain,
 And all conjoin'd this nuptial ditty sing:
 "Joy to the wedded pair! health, length of days,
 "And may they, blest by heav'n, a goodly house-
 hold raise."

XIX.

At eve the lovely condescending bride,
 Will take the ring which on her finger shines,
 And thro' the sacred circlet nine times slide
 The fragrant gift, repeating mystic lines,
 (The mystic lines we may not here make known,
 Them shall the muse reveal to virgins chaste a-
 lone)

XX.

The stocking thrown, as ancient rules require,
 Leave the glad lovers to complete their joy,
 And to the pillow silently retire,
 Where close beneath thy head the charm must
 lie;
 Rais'd by the power of love, in vision gay,
 Thy future spouse shall come in holiday array.

XXI.

And, soft approaching, with the mildest air,
 Thy yielding lips shall modestly embrace,
 O, sweet illusion! wilt thou disappear?
 Alas, it flies! the morning springs apace!
 The blushing lover sees the light with pain,
 And longs to recompense, and woo his dream a-
 gain.

XXII.

O, time relentless! foe to ev'ry joy!
 How all declines beneath thy iron reign!
 Once could our clerk to sweetest melody,
 Attune the harp, and charm the list'ning
 plain;
 Or with his mellow voice the psalm could raise,
 And fill the echoing choir with notes of sacred
 praise.

XXIII.

But now alas! his ev'ry pow'r decays,
 His voice grows hoarse, long toil has cramp'd
 his hands,
 No more he fills the ecchoing choir with praise,
 No more to melody the harp commands;
 Sadly he mourns the dullness of his ear,
 And when a master plays, he presses close to hear.

XXIV.

Late o'er the plain, by chance or fortune led,
 The pensive swain who does his annals write,
 Him in his humble cottage visited,
 And learn'd his story with sincere delight;
 For chiefly of himself his converse ran,
 As mem'ry well supply'd the narrative old man.

XXV.

His youthful feats with guiltless pride he told,
 In rural games what honours erst he won;
 How on the green he threw the wrestlers bold;
 How light he leap'd, and O! how swift he
 run.
 Then, with a sigh, he fondly turn'd his praise
 To rivals now no more, and friends of former days.

XXVI.

At length concluding with reflections deep;

“ Alas, of life few comforts now remain!

“ Of what I was I but the vestige keep,

“ Impair'd by grief, by penury, and pain.

“ Yet let me not arraign just Heav'n's decree;

“ The lot of human kind, as man, belongs to me.

XXVII.

“ Beneath yon aged yew-tree's solemn shade,

“ Whose twisted roots above the green-sward
creep;

“ There, freed from toils, my pious father laid,

“ Enjoys a silent unmolested sleep:

“ And there my only son,—with him I gave

“ All comfort of my age untimely to the grave.

XXVIII.

“ In that sweet earth, when nature's debt is
paid,

“ And leaving life, I leave its load of woes,

“ My neighbours kind, I trust, will see me
laid,

“ In humble hope of mercy, to repose:

“ Evil and few, the patriarch mourn'd his days,

“ Nor shall a man presume to vindicate his ways.”



THE
SIEGE OF CALAIS.

EDWARD III. after the battle of Cressy, laid siege to Calais. He had fortified his camp in so impregnable a manner, that all the efforts of France proved ineffectual to raise the siege, or throw succours into the city.—The citizens, under Count Vienne, their gallant governor, made an admirable defence——France had now put the sickle into her second harvest, since Edward with his victorious army sat down before the town. The eyes of all Europe were intent on the issue. At length famine did more for Edward than arms.—After suffering unheard of calamities they resolved to attempt the enemy's camp.—They boldly sallied forth: the English joined battle; and, after a long and desperate engagement, Count Vienne was taken prisoner, and the citizens, who survived the slaughter, retired within their gates. The command devolving upon Eustace St. Pierre, a man of mean birth but of exalted virtue, he offered to capitulate with Edward, provided he permitted them to depart with life and liberty. Edward, to avoid the imputation of cruelty, consented to spare the bulk of the plebeians, provided they delivered up to him six of their principal citizens with halters about their necks, as victims of due atonement for that spirit of rebellion, with

which they had inflamed the vulgar. When his messenger, Sir Walter Mauny, delivered the terms, consternation and pale dismay were impressed on every countenance.—To a long and dead silence deep sighs and groans succeeded, till Eustace St. Pierre, getting up to a little eminence, thus addressed the assembly:—"My friends, we are brought to great straits this day. We must either yield to the terms of our cruel and ensnaring conqueror, or yield up our tender infants, our wives and daughters to the bloody and brutal lusts of the violating soldiers. Is there any expedient left, whereby we may avoid the guilt and infamy of delivering up those (who have suffered every misery with you), on the one hand, or the desolation and horror of a sacked city on the other? There is, my friends, there is one expedient left, a gracious, an excellent, a godlike expedient! Is there any here to whom virtue is dearer than life? Let him offer himself an oblation for the safety of his people! He shall not fail of a blessed approbation from that Power, who offered up his only son for the salvation of mankind." He spoke;—but an universal silence ensued.—Each man looked around for the example of that virtue and magnanimity, which all wished to approve in themselves, though they wanted the resolution. At length Saint Pierre resumed: "I doubt not but there are many here as ready, nay more zealous of this martyrdom than I can be, though the station, to which I am raised by the captivity of Lord Vienne, imparts a right to be the first in giving my life for your sakes. I give it freely; I give it chearful-

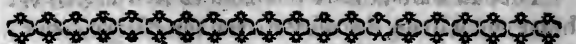
ly. Who comes next?" "Your son," exclaimed a youth not yet come to maturity.—"Ah, my child!" cried Saint Pierre; "I am then twice sacrificed.—But, no.—I have rather begotten thee a second time—Thy years are few, but full, my son. The victim of virtue has reached the utmost purpose and goal of mortality. Who next, my friends?" "This is your kinsman!" replied John de Aire. "Your kinsman!" cried James Wissant. "Your kinsman," cried his brother. The sixth victim was still wanting, but was quickly supplied, by lot, from numbers who were now emulous of so ennobling an example.—"Ah!" exclaimed Sir Walter Mauny, bursting into tears; "why was not I a citizen of Calais?" The keys of the city were then delivered to Sir Walter. He took the six prisoners into his custody; then ordered the gates to be opened, and gave charge to his attendants to conduct the remaining citizens, with their families, through the camp of the English.—Before they departed however, they desired permission to take their last adieu of their deliverers.—What a parting! what a scene! They crowded with their wives and children about Saint Pierre and his fellow-prisoners. They embraced; they clung around; they fell prostrate before them. They groaned; they wept aloud; and the joint clamour of their mourning passed the gate of the city, and was heard throughout the English camp. The English by this time were apprised of what passed within Calais. They heard the voice of lamentation, and their souls were touched with compassion: Each of the soldiers prepared a portion

of their own victuals to welcome and entertain the half-famished inhabitants; and then loaded them with as much as their present weakness was able to bear, in order to supply them with sustenance by the way. At length Saint Pierre and his fellow-victims appeared under the conduct of Sir Walter and a guard. All the tents of the English were instantly emptied. The soldiers poured from all parts, and arranged themselves on each side to behold, to contemplate, to admire this little band of patriots, as they passed. They bowed down to them on all sides. They murmured their applause of that virtue, which they could not but revere even in enemies; and they regarded those ropes which they had voluntarily assumed about their necks, as ensigns of greater dignity than that of the British garter.—When they were come into the royal presence:—“Experience,” said the monarch, “has ever shewn, that lenity only serves to invite people to new crimes. Severity at times is indispensibly necessary to deter subjects into submission by punishment and example. Go,” he cried to an officer, “lead these men to execution. Your rebellion,” continued he, addressing himself to Saint Pierre; “your rebellion against me, the natural heir of your crown, is highly aggravated by your present presumption and affront of my power.”——“We have nothing to ask of your Majesty,” said Eustace, “save what you cannot refuse us”——“What is that?” “Your esteem, my Lord,” said Eustace, and went out with his companions. At this instant, a sound of triumph was heard throughout

the camp. The Queen had just arrived with a powerful reinforcement of gallant troops. Sir Walter Mauny flew to receive her Majesty, and briefly informed her of the particulars respecting the six victims. As soon as she had been welcomed by Edward and his court, she desired a private audience. "My Lord," said she, "the question I am to enter upon, is not touching the lives of a few mechanics.—It respects the honour of the English nation:—It respects the glory of my Edward, my husband, my king.—You think you have sentenced six of your enemies to death. No, my Lord; they have sentenced themselves; and their execution would be the execution of their own orders, not the orders of Edward; a reproach to his conquests; an indelible disgrace to his name.—No, my Lord. Let us rather disappoint these haughty burghers, who wish to acquire immortal fame at our expence—in the place of that death, by which their glory would be consummate; let us bury them under gifts; let us put them to confusion with applauses: we shall thereby defeat them of that popular opinion, which never fails to attend those who suffer in the cause of virtue." "I am convinced: you have prevailed. Be it so," replied Edward; "prevent the execution; have them instantly before us."—They came; and the Queen, with an aspect and accents diffusing sweetness, thus bespoke them: "Natives of France, and inhabitants of Calais, ye have put us to a vast expence of blood and treasure in the recovery of our just and natural inheritance, but you have acted up to the best of an erroneous judg-

ment; and we admire and honour in you that valour and virtue, by which we are so long kept out of our rightful possessions. You noble burghers! we loose your chains; we snatch you from the scaffold: and we thank you for that lesson of humiliation which you teach us, when you shew us, that excellence is not of blood, of title, or station;—that virtue gives a dignity superior to that of kings; and that those whom the Almighty informs with sentiments like yours, are justly and eminently raised above all human distinctions. You are now free to depart to your kinsfolk, your countrymen, to all those whose lives and liberties you have so nobly redeemed, provided you refuse not the tokens of our esteem.—Rivals for fame, but always friends to virtue, we wish that England were entitled to call you her sons.” “Ah, my country!” exclaimed Pierre; it is now that I tremble for you. “Edward only wins cities; but Philippa conquers hearts.” “Brave Saint Pierre,” said the Queen, “wherefore look you so dejected?”——“Ah, madam!” replied Saint Pierre; “when I meet with such another opportunity of dying, I shall not regret that I survived this day.”





WAR OF THE PASSIONS.

IN the early ages of the world, men were unacquainted with any other interests, than those by which nature had linked them. No throne was yet erected upon the ruins of liberty; and man, still unconquered, was not yet taught to submit, like the animal creation, to the yoke of his fellow creatures. Every one fixed his residence where he thought fit, without the fear of being disturbed. The earth abounding in riches, whilst the art was unknown of perverting their use, was every where spread for the benefit of her children.

It was in these happy times that fortune, who had lavished her choicest blessings upon Zohar, placed him not far from the banks of the Euphrates, in a delightful country, whose verdant plains were intersected with various rivulets that diffused fertility around: the fields were covered with bounding herds, the forests with palm and almond trees; and a numerous household was supplied with all the treasures of simplicity. Hence may we frame an idea of Zohar's destined happiness: for, O! sage nature! there is no man on this terrestrial spot, who may not secure to himself content, by listening with due attention to thy voice, which is never mute. Wisdom doth not require the opulence of Zohar, to confer felicity.

Though he had received from nature a flexible heart and a lively disposition, yet the effervescence of youth soon led him from the paths pointed out by her maternal care, and excited in him a thousand extravagant desires. He began early to consider the happiness he enjoyed, as an irksome uniformity; and his heart soon resembled that of the citizen of Teos possessed by love. Every desire tended only to engender fresh wishes; whilst the first were still hastening, the others began to appear; and at the same time the foremost were taking wing, the young brood began to raise their voices; and thus in turn they attained maturity and multiplied. What remedy could be found for such an evil! Though nature is ever bounteous, her stores must be exhausted in gratifying the wishes of phrenzy. But satiety, which is the harbinger of reflection, at length contributes to explode extravagance and unrestrained desires.

One day, when Zohar was fatigued with pursuing the labyrinth of imaginary wants which he found in his distempered mind, and overwhelmed with desires, Morpheus extended his dominion, and wrapt him in silent slumbers. A lively dream presented a succession of those ideas with which his fancy had been employed. The spirit to whose sceptre the king of the Genii had yielded the whole globe, undertook to cure this youth of illusions, which, under the appearance of truth, seduced him whilst waking.

Zohar fancied himself upon the summit of a hill, when stopping at the foot of a tall cedar, he surveyed the possessions of his ancestors, which

extended over a rich and delightful country. But instead of being pleased at their aspect, they excited in him nothing but complaints. The enamel of the fields afforded no beauties to his eye; the most brilliant and engaging prospects, in which nature seemed to have exhausted all her powers to charm, were flat and insipid to the discontented Zohar. He was agitated by a thousand different desires, which succeeded so rapidly that they destroyed each other. He wandered without knowing whither he was destined, when, on a sudden, his eyes were dazzled with a most uncommon splendor. Struck with wonder, he saw a cloud of gold and azure descend, which diffused an aromatic dew before him. This cloud bore the figure of a celestial image, whose gracious smile, and endearing countenance, prevented any fears that might have risen in his mind. It was Finraz, who, without being known, spoke thus to Zohar; "What melancholy vapour obscures thy discontented eye? whence arise those chagrins that disturb your mind? reveal to me your wishes without reserve, that I may gratify them." Emboldened by the sweetness with which the genius spoke, the youth replied, "My situation is shocking; my whole life is a continued rotation of sameness: night brings with it no variety, but resembles morning; and each succeeding day, by increasing time, increases my disgust: and thus my whole existence seems like one continued instant tediously prolonged. The air which surrounds me is too condensed for me to breathe it with satisfaction. The forests and vallies are divested of

every thing pleasing, and even the charms of Theiza have vanished from my sight; since she has admitted me to her embraces, she is no longer that paragon of beauty, that model of excellence, which I thought her before enjoyment; then my fond doating heart articulated, she alone is capable of making you completely blessed. The symmetry of her form, her jetty tresses, her ivory forehead, her irresistible languishments, her kisses sweeter than the new blown rose—in a word all, all those attractions, those endearments, are gone, gone for ever, and yet it was but the eve of yester fun that made her mine. I find in my heart a complete vacuum, and that there is not in nature ought that can fill it. Gracious genius, for thine aspect bespeaks thy beneficence, if thou wouldst make me happy, transform this country, which in its present form, is to me obnoxious, into a region like that inhabited by celestial beings. Let all the beauties, which the sparing hand of nature has scattered through the universe, be then collected; let every thing tend to flatter my senses; and my soul, which thirsts for pleasure, be completely gratified with all the charms that fancy can suggest.”

He had scarce uttered his request, than he fell in a kind of gentle swoon at the feet of Firnaz. At the same instant a plastic tremor ran over the face of the whole country, and it became transformed in proportion as the powerful aspect of the genius described a circle round him. Nature gazed with silent wonder upon the genius that thus embellished her. She seemed as charming as she

is described by the most enthusiastic poets, who, fired with love at their mistresses feet, salute the vernal year with all the graces. Hyacinths and violets spring as they walk; the verdure of the meads borrows beauties from their enchanting looks; and the wanton zephyr, regardless of the charms of the most enticing flowers, wavers in the bosom of the poet's mistress.

At the glance of Firnaz's eye, the country of Zohar was spread with all those charms with which Homer and the Mantuan swain, those favourites of the muses, now retired from earth, have embellished their descriptions of mount Ida, when, by virtue of a magic zone, Juno deceived the god of thunder. There the murmurings of the gentle brooks invited sleep, like the surges of the rivulets that meander round the Tiber; here were thickets that resembled those of Albuneus, who, hidden in myrtles, replied to Horace's song; flowers, whose perfume and splendor no way yielded in beauty to those which formerly exhaled their rich odours upon the hillocks of mount Hymetta. In fine, the eye was charmed, the ear was ravished; the smell, the taste, and every sense fully gratified with all the beauties of the plains of Amathante, when Venus and Adonis, surrounded with sport and mirth, slept upon beds of roses.

The discontented mortal recovers from his swoon, sees, smells and is astonished. He finds himself upon a bed of violets, which has a charming canopy of leaves and flowers. A most refreshing air, whilst it gently fans him to a pleasing coolness, wafts him the most luxurious odours.

In the amazement that so sudden a metamorphosis occasioned, he flies with hasty steps over fields of myrtles and pomegranates. Here the tender pine-apple, there the seducing nectarine, solicits his hand and eyes, and he knows not upon which object to fix. In the mean while his ears are regaled by the amorous concerts of the winged choristers. What was Zohar's astonishment! Like that of a traveller, who after a long and perilous voyage, sees from afar the isle of Canary, which voluntarily offers to his sight; and when a land-breeze wafts him the aromatic odour of the forests, with the harmonious notes of the inhabitants of the woods. Zohar was for some time doubtful of the reality of what offered to his senses. At one time solely engaged in listening; then less attracted by the sweet harmony of nature, his eyes are caught with a hillock, whose vines bend under their weighty fruit, and he remains immersed in extatic admiration.

Zohar was still wandering with uncertain steps in the world newly created for him, when he espied seven nymphs, who engrossed all his attention. They walked like the graces upon the banks of the Peneus, when dancing with their loose girdles in their hands before Venus and the Spring. Their delicate limbs respired voluptuousness. As soon as Zohar perceived them, the rural charms of the place no longer attracted his sight. The nymphs having observed him, with apparent shame, fled to the neighbouring thickets, whither they were sure of being followed. Zohar now thought himself the happiest of all mortals. He had no

importunate desire remaining; his senses were flattered by all that the most unbounded and delectable fancy could suggest. More smiling than temples, or the gardens of Alcinous, his present abode presented him pleasures under a thousand different forms. More fortunate than Priam's son, his transports were not limited to the enjoyment of a single Helen, of a single living representative of Venus. Seven beauties, with all the graces of youth, attract by charms as various as they are alluring; and that irksome sameness which so much disgusted him, no longer palls his appetite.

A week had scarce elapsed in this dream, before the minutes began to seem tedious to him. Fresh desires, more impetuous than the former, again troubled Zohar amidst his tumultuous pleasures. He tore himself from the arms of the nymphs, and retired to a gloomy thicket to make his complaints to solitude, which surrounded him. "When will this turbulent mind find repose? When will those unruly desires be gratified; those wishes which, like violent storms, are incessantly succeeded by still greater tempests? Is there no real enjoyment for thee; is felicity blended with sports and pleasures? What felicity can I expect, when I am cloyed in the very arms of bliss? The whole empire of voluptuousness is displayed, and yet my wishes remain ungratified! Is there then nothing left for me to desire? Unhappy heart! the declared enemy of thine own repose, the abyss of insatiable desires, I detest thee.—But wherefore this phrenzy, to declare war against myself? It is the fault of my heart, when its too unbounded de-

fires, are not constrained within those objects that flatter the senses? These are too weak not to yield to united impressions. My choice is confounded by so many objects equally attractive. Too great a glare dazzles my sight; my ears are fatigued by incessant harmony; and the very fruition of my wishes engenders new desires. How I ought to blush, were I to continue leading a mere animal life, immersed in brutal pleasures, without reflection, in a kind of perpetual delirium! Hitherto I have not paid due attention to the grandeur of my soul, which, soaring upon the wings of the most noble pursuits, wrests itself from base voluptuousness, to follow the path of heroes, and to attain that pinnacle of glory which is ever hidden from effeminacy. Forbid it honour, that my soul should be shut up in a valley surrounded with myrtles, a corner of the world unknown to mortals. That thirst of glory and renown which animates me, also assures me of success; and that courageous flame which promises me the most brilliant greatness, can no longer languish in the arms of a faithless sex. Oh! that Firnaz would once more listen to me, and grant me but another single boon. — It is now that I feel honour and glory throb through every vein, big with exploits that would do honour to him and myself. I now descry the full latitude of my former errors. Will there be any thing left for me to wish, when my country shall be as unlimited as my desires, and my power shall strike terror throughout the globe! How pleasing it is to see oneself the master of mankind, resembling the God of the earth, the arbiter

of destiny; to decide by an implacable look the fate of conquered kingdoms, to hurl destruction with one hand, and to spread blessings with the other, How could so desirable a lot escape me!

He was still engaged in this soliloquy, when he was taken up by an invisible arm, which made him traverse the air with the utmost rapidity. He presently saw a vast country, intersected with forests, that almost reached the clouds. Rivers that resembled seas, which rushed with precipitance from the neighbouring mountains, forming immense cascades, and then dividing into a variety of canals, which meandered in plains planted with palm trees. Zohar was struck with the magnificence of superb cities which appeared to his view, and whose gilded towers seemed majestically to eye the fertile vallies that surrounded them. "All that thou viewest," the invisible genius now said, "is thine own;" and Zohar instantly eyed with rapture the extent of such vast countries belonging to him. His heart leaped with extacy, when, after such a rapid flight, Firnaz replaced him upon the earth. Zohar immediately found himself amidst a brilliant and respectable assembly of heroes and veterans, who proclaimed him their chief, before he was perfectly recovered from his astonishment. He at the same instant saw a whole people prostrating themselves before him. His brows were incircled with a diadem; and the silver trumpets proclaimed his election in the streets of marble palaces, whilst his new subjects, by repeated shouts of joy, echoed far and near their general acclamations. A

select number of veteran chiefs, conduct the new prince to a sumptuous palace, whither he is followed by a troop of warriors, who divide themselves into two powerful bodies before the gates. Their arms shine with dreadful lustre; the thirst of courage sparkles in their eyes, and they seem to breathe nought but slaughter. The multitude of conquered people, throng from every part of the city, to kiss the steps of the throne, whilst innumerable camels bend under the weight of presents sent to the new king; consisting of the manufactures of the provinces, the gold of the islands, and the aromatic spices of Arabia: The neighing of the horses, and the warlike music of the trumpets, now charm Zohar's ears. He attacks his neighbours and defeats them. He has infinite delight in the contrasted sounds of the songs of triumph, and the expiring voices of those who lose their lives to gratify his sanguinary rage! Flushed with success, the new conqueror flies to more distant countries to deluge them with blood. Victory succeeds victory, conquest leads but to conquest, and this thirst of glory is without bounds. All the neighbouring states were already tributary, the provinces ravaged, the forests destroyed by fire—but Zohar's ambition was still insatiable. How excruciating is to him the thought, that there still exists a people who have not felt the weight of his victorious arms! He first suggested the wish, that was long after reaped by an hero who deprived the empire of liberty, and the best of princes of life, and then lamented there were no more worlds to conquer. Zohar up-

braided Providence for not having made a communication between us and the other planets, that he might have terrified their inhabitants with the din of his arms. Amongst myriads of slaves, abject enough to deify him, there were, however, some wise men, who had the generous resolution to recal him to the dictates of humanity, by displaying to him the model of princes in the divinity, whose omnipotence consists in doing good. Zohar did not, however, attend to them—not indeed, could it be expected, that he could listen to reason, who was deaf to the cries of bleeding innocence.

But the hero's fall approached. A powerful nation, who for many successive ages had enjoyed, amidst tranquillity, the blessings of liberty, excited his ambition. Unanimity and patriotism, with an enthusiastic love of freedom, had converted this people into heroes. Youth and grey hairs indiscriminately fly to the sword; and the very women arm their tender breasts with the buckler. The justice of their cause, and their native courage, the offspring of liberty, animate their heart, and nerve the most feeble arm. They all attack the enemy together with irresistible courage, and deal such mortal blows that the barbarians fall by squadrons, and those who escape the carnage, fly to gloomy forests or unknown deserts.

The hero, who narrowly escaped the just fury of his enemies, is at length recovered from his long intoxication, to find at last, that he is but man. He wanders for several days through by-paths; and his legs, though urged on by terror, are now

scarce able to support his feeble body. After a long and dangerous journey, he finds himself alone, in the middle of a plain surrounded with high mountains. The smiling and tranquil aspect of the place invites him to repose. He seats himself upon the banks of a brook, whose waters gently fall from the top of a neighbouring hill. Solitude and the caprices of fate, led Zohar to serious reflections, when in broken accents he thus debated with himself. "Ah, Zohar, how thine hopes have imposed upon thee! What is become of those dreams of grandeur, which made thee seem in thine own eyes as the master of destiny, and the God of the earth! Hurlled from thy throne by a fatal stroke, more to be dreaded than thy power, thou seest thyself deserted, and obliged to fly from approaching death and irritated vengeance. Wretch, how thou hast deceived thyself! Into what an abyss hath thine own folly precipitated thee! Why didst thou not listen to me, when, without knowing it, I asked death at thy hands! How wretched is the lot of man! Deceitful reason, of what use to us; any more than to the brute creation, far happier than ourselves. It is to thee that we are beholden for all the evils incident to humanity. Dazzled by the false glare, intoxicated by the greatness which thou dost promise, man fancies himself a deity; but an unexpected stroke precipitates him from his chimerical heaven, far lower than the meanest reptile upon earth. The groundless hopes with which thou dost inspire him, make him raise his head again, without knowing the road he takes; without halting, he

traverses a labyrinth of desires, each more ridiculous than the former. Incessantly hurried on still farther, he becomes hourly more insatiable, more discontented. How happy are you, ye feathered lords of the free forest! Without passions to ruffle your repose, ye live in one continued succession of joy, whilst pride makes man his own murderer. Nature offers you abundance to satisfy your wants, which are but small. You breathe the purest air; spring inspires you with joy; you chant nothing but the tenderest notes of love; free from that impetuous fire, which renders our voluptuousness more shocking than the most poignant suffering, you have all the gratification of sensual sweets!"

During this soliloquy, he perceived a butterfly, the offspring of summer, whose shining colours glittered upon its light wings; he sees with what easy and agreeable innocence it flies from a narcissus to a rose, and from a jasmine to a honeysuckle. "O Firnaz!" cried Zohar, "hast thou twice been easily prevailed upon to grant me what was the source of my misery; but now hear me, when what I beg of you is to ascertain my happiness. I am so reduced that I envy that insect which is held in such contempt. Voluptuousness, which has incessantly hurried me into dreadful distresses, can confer nothing to be compared to the innocent joy of a winged caterpillar. I would rather be the sovereign of flowers, than the master of the world, and my own slave. Transform me, I beseech thee, into a butterfly."

The discontented Zohar, was still intreating his

genius, when he found his voice falter, and his human faculties diminish. His body was presently changed into a caterpillar, and his arms soon became flight wings. The soul of Zohar, being recovered from a short reverie, was astonished to find itself confined within so narrow a circle; but as its desires were proportionably limited, it acted consistent to the sphere it moved in.

The young butterfly was some time before it attained the use of its wings, but after a few ineffectual attempts to fly, they became habitual to it; and Zohar was soon an inhabitant of the air. The sweet exhalations of the plants presently attracted him, and he wantoned from flower to flower, to declare to each his fondness. He was in this agreeable pursuit, perfectly delighted with his new station, when that dreadful foe to insects, a crow, seized upon him as food to its young.

The terror of death awakened Zohar from his lethargy. Lively affected at his dream, he gazes round him; he feels for his wings, and smells for the flowers; at length he discovers the illusion, and finds himself by the side of Thirza, who being carelessly stretched upon the bed, was enjoying the tranquil repose of the morning, which began to dawn from the first rays of Aurora.

As soon as he had got the better of his terrors, Zohar seriously reflected upon his dream, and was astonished to find so clearly unfolded those desires, which had often troubled him, though he had never been sensible of them with so much disorder and confusion. "Yes," he at length cried out, "it is a benign spirit, perhaps Firnaz himself,

that has vouchsafed to grant me this useful dream. Immortal genius, if thy design was to instruct me, it shall not be frustrated. Thy attention has, by a salutary illusion, caused an entire reformation in my soul, which did not take place whilst awake, as the body which incloses it hath a still greater empire over it. I was not convinced till this instant, that my life has been nothing more than a dream, cherished in the cradle of error, and shamefully prostituted to the tyranny of the senses. What an amiable perspective! What divine thoughts! Thoughts unknown to my soul before, and far more noble than those, which induced me to wish for empires! How contemptible now, is the greatness of this terrestrial speck! Of what estimation are the benefits and pleasures of the senses, which cannot even satisfy our corporeal wants? But wherefore is it, that celestial thoughts have never before engaged my attention? Is it Firnaz himself that speaks to me, or is it thou, my soul, who, cured of a frantic vertigo, hath just recovered reason enough to begin to feel and know thyself? My being, doubtless, soars above matter; the stars are my native country, and the heavens my element. Here was I stationed before an unknown destiny precipitated me to earth. Corporeal voluptuousness, and the senseless chimera of glory, which gorges itself with the blood of the human race, darkens with umbrageous clouds the impure atmosphere, and I will no longer breathe it as ill-suited to a spiritual being; for now a brilliant light pervades the obscurity, and reason diffuses round me its luminous instructions. How

fortunate I am at length to hear the voice of ethereal desires, which summons me to spiritual pleasures; which, amidst the tumult of passions, was unintelligible. O! wisdom, shed thy harmonious light upon my desires, which tend to tranquillity and bliss, and of which thou givest the sole enjoyment, and renderest durable and worthy of the divinity of my soul. Thou teachest me to trace pleasures on every side, thou makest me reconciled to nature, and destroyest in me those criminal complaints of the children of folly. I perceive beauteous nature dispelling mists, in which thy admirable charms were formerly infolded. It is with the most voluptuous satisfaction, I return to thy arms, dear Thirza, whose amiable soul unites the various beauties of nature, which are depicted in thy countenance, as in a faithful mirror. In thy arms will I enjoy life; from thy lips will I gather those lessons, which virtue dictated to thee; in thine eyes will I kindle that fire which shall invigorate my resolution, and incessantly animate me to the most worthy actions. I will no longer wish for any thing. If there be still any seeds of my former errors remaining, let them perish; for from them arose disgust, and its constant attendant envy, even of the meanest reptile. Teach me, O eternal wisdom, to find within myself a world sufficient to gratify all my desires. What hath the immortal being which reigns within me, and which only exists and feels its powers when divested of corporeal influence, in common with dull matter? What avails it to my soul that there are chains of mountains, immense plains, golden

thrones, precious gems, or bodies that communicate agreeable sensations to the fibres? How long can mere matter gratify our desires? How long can it evade the thirst of change which impels us, if our souls do not, unshackled from sensual influence, resolutely soar to regions of purity and freedom? Immortal being! offspring of the gods! exert thy power in this wretched state. The Eternal Being reserves for thee what thy heart vainly hopes to find in the inconstancy of things which constitute this world, and which, like the figures that appear in the clouds, are only shadows, although they seem realities. Familiarized with celestial wisdom, death, who mows down others, in the middle of their extravagant dreams, will find thee awake. Contented with thy lot, thou wilt meet the grim tyrant with a smile; and the gate which he opens for thee, leads to the sphere of real existence. There thou wilt be astonished, that men should be so infatuated with chimeras, as to imagine they live, whilst they execrate death."





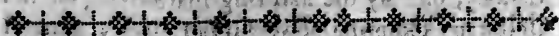
THE
PHILOSOPHER'S ADVICE

TO
HIS SON.

MY dearest youth, with patient ear,
Thy father's golden precepts hear:
Wiser by far than thou, attend,
And view in me the kindest friend.
Who gives advice with gen'rous breast,
Trust me, 'tis he who loves you best;
In him, and him alone, you'll find
A true benevolence of mind.
Howe'er thy youthful friends may strive
Thy steps from virtue's paths to drive;
However smooth the fawning strain
Of flatt'ry (source of deepest pain)
Tho' on the soft enchanting tongue,
The sweet harmonious syren's hung:
Howe'er transporting glides the stile,
Away — it means but to beguile.
When most the strains harmonious flow,
'Tis then impends the dreadful blow;
Such dire delusive talk avoid,
Heav'ns, whom has flatt'ry not destroy'd!
Ne'er let the swelling look of pride
From justice turn thy steps aside,

Court heav'nly wisdom's fair retreat,
 And then thou shalt be truly great.
 Ne'er let thy heart, too weak, be sold
 A captive to pernicious gold:
 Ne'er climb on dire ambition's tow'r,
 Nor gain from wine an impious pow'r:
 And fly, oh! fly the flatt'ring snare
 Of the too tempting powerful fair.
 Who would for one short pleasure gain
 A sad eternal round of pain?
 Abhor and spurn enchanting dice;
 Ah! fly that ever hateful vice!
 Whoe'er has been a slave to play,
 Reflects with anguish on the day,
 When first he trod the dang'rous way.
 And when he makes the dread account,
 How small, alas! must be th' amount!
 How happy if his fate he shun!
 How happy if not quite undone!
 Fly these dire gilded snares of sin,
 So shall thy soul have peace within.
 Seek heav'n-born virtue day and night:
 Conscience will tell thee that is right.
 Never from virtue's ways depart,
 Store all these precepts in thy heart:
 So shall each hour with bliss abound:
 So with success each act be crown'd.
 And when disease your heart affails,
 And sickness o'er your limbs prevails:
 When sad, alas! you heave for breath;
 When ev'ry groan's a groan of death,
 Then virtue shall your heart defend;
 Virtue shall shine thy truest friend.

Religion then, with radiant face,
 Shall ev'n thy latest moments grace;
 She will uphold the good and just,
 Nor e'er desert their mould'ring dust;
 She'll calm the anguish of thy breast,
 And waft thee to the realms of rest.



THE

GAMESTER RECLAIMED.

LOVE, says Ovid, conquers all things, and nobody knew the force of that passion better than the poet of Sulmo.

Jack Townly, one of the most accomplished young fellows of the age, gay, lively, smart, well dressed, and happy in his address, was admired by every body who knew him, for his company, and particularly well received in all circles of the fair sex, to whom he was a very agreeable companion.

At that ticklish time of life one-and-twenty, Jack came to the possession of a plentiful estate by the death of a niggardly father, but did not follow that father's example in the enjoyment of it. He was of a more liberal way of thinking, and spent his fortune like a gentleman.

Falling one day in company with Mrs. Prattle, a lady famous for picking up a genteel livelihood by putting the two sexes matrimonially together, she proposed the rich heiress Miss Collier, as an object worthy of his attention.—He was en-

tirely of her mind, with regard to the object, but hinted that there would be no chance for his addresses to succeed, as she was perpetually surrounded with so many lovers of superior fortune. "You do not know," said Mrs. Prattle, with a "significant look, what may be done by management."—There was no more said upon the affair.—The conversation then took a general turn.

From that time, however, Mrs. Prattle thought upon the proposal which she had made to Mr. Townly, as she found he was very desirous of the alliance, but apprehensive of the difficulty in bringing it about. She employed all the arts she was mistress of in his service, and exerted them with so much success, that she soon put him into the possession of the lady and her riches, for which he handsomely rewarded her.

Jack's happiness by marrying Miss Collier increased every day. Before his wedding, he considered her only as a rich heiress; but he found, upon a closer connection, that she possessed numberless good qualities and amiable accomplishments which riches cannot purchase, but which add a lustre to them. She was not less agreeably surprized to find many engaging qualities in her husband that did not appear during the courtship. In short, the Townlys were as happy a couple as ever lived; and their felicity seemed to be of a permanent nature, because they had a sincere regard for each other, and, by a thousand little affluities, not to be explained, and only to be un-

derstood by a few *rara aves*, endeavoured to increase it.

The best dispositions in the world are liable to be corrupted, and the best resolutions to be broken. Jack Townly, happy in himself, his wife, and his circumstances, became, in a luckless hour, acquainted with major Brown, an Arthurite, an adventurer; a man who, being thoroughly versed in all the mysteries of gaming, and in all the shabby arts of raising a fortune, took infinite pains to ingratiate himself with young fellows who abounded in money, and were not so knowing, in order to fleece them.—Jack, with all his good qualities, being at the same time very ignorant of the world, was a proper object for the major, who followed him like his shadow wherever he went.

Jack being animated one evening, by repeated losses with the major, to an extravagant pitch, staked the remainder of his fortune, and lost it. The dice were loaded, and he was ruined. He had not a shilling of his own to command. Happily for him, in the midst of his misfortunes, his wife's jointure remained: that too would have gone, had it not been secured.

When he came home, far beyond the usual hour, Mrs. Townly threw her arms about his neck, and tenderly embraced him. Instead of returning her caresses, he flung himself from her, and stood at a distance, gazing at her, with eyes fixed, like the statue of despair.—In that attitude he stood some time, though not long. He traversed the room with all the marks of distraction in his countenance, frequently turned up his eyes

to heaven, and then directed them to Mrs. Townly; attempted several times to speak, but seemed to be deprived of the powers of articulation.

Mrs. Townly, astonished at the alteration in her husband's behaviour, the distraction in his looks, and the irregularity of his motions, conjured him in the most pathetic, most affectionate manner, to communicate the uneasiness which he felt, and to make her a partaker of the sorrows that struggled for a vent.

"You went out, said she, in good spirits, and appeared to be quite happy with major——"

At the word Major, Jack, as if he had been struck with a thunder-bolt, started from his chair, and cried, "D——n him," with an unusual emphasis.

"Why should you, my dear, replied she, with great mildness, be so exasperated against a man——"

"I'll hear no more, interrupted he.——I am ruined,——ruined by him.——Curse on his lucky hand!——"

This last exclamation sufficiently alarmed Mrs. Townly, and rendered her more solicitous to know what he strove so much to conceal. Her importunities prevailed, however, and he made a full confession of his follies.

"Well, my dear," returned she smiling, with as much good-humour as if nothing had happened, "do not make yourself wretched on my account. My jointure is still left, and on that we may live genteelly private. The shock is sudden, and the blow severe, but we may still

“be happy, if we can persuade ourselves to be
 “contented with a little. As I did not marry
 “you for the sake of your fortune, the loss of that
 “fortune will not lessen my esteem for you; and
 “if your affection for me is not diminished by
 “this alteration in your affairs, I shall not even
 “whisper a complaint against my lot.”

“Excellent woman!” said Townly, catching
 her in his arms; “thou art a treasure, indeed!
 “Such a wife is of inestimable value; but such
 “a wife I do not deserve!—My folly stares me
 “in the face; I feel myself contemptible, nay
 “more, criminal; for surely I had no right to
 “squander that which I received from thee.”

At the conclusion of this speech the following
 letter was delivered to him.

“Dear Mr. Townly,
 “I NEVER was more concerned in my life
 “than to hear you had been stripped by major
 “Brown; especially as he told me that you had
 “lost all your fortune to him.—But I have the
 “pleasure to inform you that your situation is
 “not desperate, except you will tamely give it
 “up. The major, in the foolish triumph of his
 “heart, bragged to me when he came home, that
 “he had bubbled his friend Jack Townly fine-
 “ly, by loaded dice.—You have nothing
 “therefore to do, Sir, but to apply to a proper
 “magistrate, and secure the villain; for such I
 “esteem the man who gets his money so unfair-
 “ly. As I have formerly received many favours
 “from you, I should think myself very ungrate-

“ful if I delayed a moment to let you know a
 “piece of news in which you are so greatly in-
 “terested, and which, I hope, will animate you
 “to act with spirit.”

“Your sincere friend,

“CHARLOTTE ROPER.”

“P. S. My compliments to Mrs. Townly—
 “if she will accept of them.”

“Here’s an honest girl!” said Jack, on reading this extraordinary epistle. “Does she not deserve
 “to be pardoned for all the errors which she has
 “committed, for this generous action? How few,
 “in her situation, would have behaved in so lau-
 “dable a manner?—This girl and I,” continu-
 ed he, addressing himself to Mrs. Townly, “have
 “had connections together; but I assure you, my
 “dear, they entirely ceased, when you became
 “my wife.——Is not she a generous girl?”

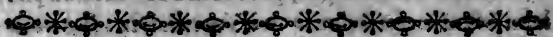
In this manner did Jack pour forth the effusions of his heart, from which the above letter removed the load of anxiety that heavily oppressed it. The turn it gave to his spirits made him appear quite another creature. Mrs. Townly observed the alteration in her husband with a joy which she had never felt before: so necessary are the pains of life to render its pleasures more exquisite.

“I am quite in love with Charlotte, said Mrs.
 “Townly, for interesting herself in my dear

" Jack's affairs, and am sure she has, with all her
 " failings———who is without failings?———
 " a good heart. This single action of her's in
 " your behalf, veils, in my opinion, all her for-
 " mer irregularities and indiscretions, and renders
 " her rather an amiable object. I beg the favour of
 " you, my dear, to keep this letter, and to make
 " the contents of it public among your friends;
 " for you are under great obligations to the wri-
 " ter of it, and, with my consent, shall not be
 " ungrateful for them."

Townly, after a few more effusions of his heart
 on this unexpectedly fortunate event, applied to a
 proper magistrate, secured the major, made him
 refund every shilling he had unfairly won,
 and liberally recompensed Charlotte for the re-
 covery of his fortune; and his restoration to af-
 fluence at a time when he had not the least rea-
 son to hope for it, made such a deep impressi-
 on upon his mind, that he never touched a card nor
 rattled a dice-box during the remainder of his life;
 lest he should, by being led into similar tempta-
 tions, be plunged into similar distresses.





THE
STORY

BAGSHOT the ROBBER.

BAGSHOT, the robber, having lost the booty of a week among his associates at hazard, loaded his pistols, mounted his horse, and took the Kentish road, with a resolution not to return, till he had recruited his purse. Within a few miles of London, just as he heard the village clock strike nine, he met two gentlemen in a post-chaise, which he stopt. One of the gentlemen immediately presented a pistol, and at the same time a servant rode up armed with a blunderbuss. The robber, perceiving that he should be vigorously opposed, turned off from the chaise, and discharged a pistol at the servant, who instantly fell dead from his horse. The gentlemen had now leapt from the chaise; but the foremost, receiving a blow on the head with the stock of the pistol that had been just fired, reeled back a few paces; the other, having fired at the murderer without success, attempted to dismount him, and succeeded; but while they were grappling with each other, the villain drew a knife, and stabbed his antagonist to the heart. He then, with the calm intrepidity of a hero who

is familiar with danger, proceeded to rifle the pockets of the dead; and the survivor having recovered from the blow, and being imperiously commanded to deliver, was now obliged to comply. When the victor had thus obtained the pecuniary rewards of prowess, he determined to lose no part of the glory, which, as conqueror, was now in his power. Turning therefore to the unhappy gentleman whom he had plundered, he condescended to insult him with the applause of conscious superiority. He told him, he had never robbed any persons who behaved better; and, as a tribute due to the merit of the dead, and a token of his esteem for the living, he generously threw him back a shilling to prevent him being stoppt at the turnpike. He now mounted his horse, and set off towards London: but, at the turnpike, a coach that was paying the toll obstructed his way; and, by the light of the flambeau that was behind it, he discovered that his coat was much stained with blood. This discovery threw him into such confusion, that he attempted to rush by; he was however prevented, and, his appearance giving great reason to suspect his motive, he was seized and detained. In the coach were two ladies, and a little boy about five years old. The ladies were greatly alarmed when they heard that a person was taken, who was supposed just to have committed a robbery and a murder. They asked many questions with great eagerness; but these enquiries were little regarded, till a gentleman rode up, who, seeing their distress, offered his assistance. The elder of the two ladies acquainted him, that

her husband, Sir Harry Freeman, was upon the road in his return from Gravesend, where he had been to receive an only son upon his arrival from India, after an absence of near six years; that herself and daughter-in-law were come out to meet them, but were terrified with the apprehension, that they might have been stopt by the man, who had just been taken into custody. Their attention was now called to the other side of the coach by the child, who cried out in a transport of joy, "There is my grand-papa." This was indeed the survivor of the three that had been attacked by Bagshot; he was mounted on his servant's horse, and rode slowly by the side of the chaise, in which he had just placed the body of his son, whose countenance was disfigured with blood, and whose features were still impressed with the agonies of death. Who can express the grief, horror, and despair, with which a father exhibited this spectacle to a mother, and a wife, who expected a son and a husband with all the tenderness and ardour of conjugal and parental affection; who had long regretted his absence, who had anticipated the joy of his return, and were impatient to put in his arms a pledge of his love which he had never seen! I will not attempt to describe the distress, which tears would not suffer me to behold: Let it suffice, that such was its effect upon those who were present, that the murderer was not without difficulty conducted alive to the prison; and I am confident that few, who read this story, would have heard with regret that he was torn in pieces by the way.



T H E

B E H A V I O U R

O F

M A R Y Queen of Scots at her Death.

ON Tuesday the 7th of February, 1587, the earls of Shrewsbury and Kent arrived at Fotheringay, and demanding access to the queen, read in her presence the warrant for execution, and required her to prepare to die next morning. Mary heard them to the end without emotion, and crossing herself in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; "That soul," said she, "is unworthy of the joys of heaven, which repines because the body must endure the stroke of an executioner: and though I did not expect that the queen of England would set the first example of violating the sacred person of a sovereign prince, I willingly submit to that which Providence has decreed to be my lot." And, laying her hand on a bible, which happened to be near her, she solemnly protested, that she was innocent of that conspiracy, which Babbington had carried on against the life of Elizabeth. She then mentioned the requests contained in her letter to Elizabeth, but obtained no satisfactory answer. She entreated, with particular earnestness, that, now, in her

last moments, her almoner might be suffered to attend her, and that she might enjoy the consolation of those pious institutions prescribed by her religion. Even this favour, which is usually granted to the vilest criminal, was absolutely denied. Her attendants, during this conversation, were bathed in tears, and, though over-awed by the presence of the two earls, with difficulty suppressed their anguish; but no sooner were they withdrawn than they ran to their mistress, and burst out into the most passionate expressions of tenderness and sorrow. Mary, however, not only retained perfect composure of mind, but endeavoured to moderate their excessive grief; and, falling on her knees with all her domestics round her, she thanked heaven, that her sufferings were now so near an end, and prayed, that she might be enabled to endure what yet remained with decency and with fortitude. The greater part of the evening she employed in settling her worldly affairs. She wrote her testament with her own hand.—Her money, her jewels, and her clothes she distributed among her servants, according to their rank or merit. She wrote a short letter to the king of France, and another to the duke of Guise, full of tender but magnanimous sentiments, and recommended her soul to their prayers, and her afflicted servants to their protection. At supper she eat temperately, as usual, and conversed not only with ease but with chearfulness.—She drank to every one of her servants, and asked their forgiveness, if ever she had failed in any part of her duty to them. At her wonted time she went

to bed, and slept calmly a few hours. Early in the morning she retired into her closet, and employed a considerable time in devotion. At eight o'clock, the high sheriff and his officers entered her chamber, and found her still kneeling at the altar. She immediately started up, and, with a majestic mien, and a countenance undismayed, nay, even cheerful, advanced towards the place of execution, leaning on two of Paulet's attendants. She was dressed in a mourning habit, but with an elegance and splendor that she had long laid aside, except on a few festival days. An *Agnus Dei* hung by a pomander chain at her neck;—her beads at her girdle;—and in her hand she carried a crucifix of ivory. At the bottom of the stairs the two earls, attended by several gentlemen from the neighbouring counties, received her; and there Sir Andrew Melvil, the master of her household, who had been secluded for some weeks from her presence, was permitted to take his last farewell. At the sight of a mistress, whom he tenderly loved, in such a situation, he melted into tears; and, as he was bewailing her condition, and complaining of his own hard fate, in being appointed to carry the account of such a mournful event into Scotland, Mary replied, “Weep not, good Melvil; there is at present greater cause for rejoicing. Thou shalt this day see Mary Stuart delivered from all her cares, and such an end put to her tedious sufferings as she has long expected. Bear witness, that I die constant in my religion, firm in my fidelity towards Scotland, and unchanged in my affection to France.

“ Commend me to my son. Tell him I have
 “ done nothing injurious to his kingdom, to his
 “ honour, or to his rights: and God forgive all
 “ those who have thirsted without cause for my
 “ blood.” With much difficulty, and after many entreaties, she prevailed on the two earls to allow Melvil, together with three of her men-servants and two of her maids, to attend her to the scaffold. It was erected in the same hall where she had been tried, raised a little above the floor, and covered with black cloth, as well as a chair, the cushion, and the block. Mary mounted the steps with alacrity;—beheld all this apparatus of death with an unaltered countenance;—and, signing herself with the cross, she sat down in the chair. Beale read the warrant for execution with a loud voice; to which she listened with a careless air, and like one occupied in other thoughts. Then the dean of Peterborough began a devout discourse, suitable to her present condition, and offered up prayers to heaven in her behalf; but she declared, that she could not in conscience hearken to the one, nor join in the other; then falling on her knees, repeated a Latin prayer. When the dean had finished his devotion, she, with an audible voice, and in the English language, recommended unto God the afflicted state of the church, and prayed for prosperity to her son, and for a long life and peaceable reign to Elizabeth. She declared, that she hoped for mercy only thro’ the death of Christ, at the foot of whose image she now willingly shed her blood; and, lifting up, and kissing the crucifix, she thus addressed it:

“As thy arms, O Jesus, were extended on the cross; so with the outstretched arms of thy mercy receive me, and forgive my sins.” She then prepared for the block, by taking off her veil and upper garments: one of the executioners rudely endeavouring to assist, she gently checked him, and said with a smile, that she had not been accustomed to undress before so many spectators, nor to be served by such valets. With calm but undaunted fortitude she laid her neck upon the block; and, while one executioner held her hands, another at the second stroke cut off her head, which, falling out of its attire, discovered her hair already turned quite gray with cares and sorrows. The executioner held it up still streaming with blood; and the dean crying out, “So perish all queen Elizabeth’s enemies,” the earl of Kent alone answered, Amen. The rest of the spectators continued silent and drowned in tears, being incapable at that moment of any other sentiments but those of pity or admiration.

 V I R T U E B E T R A Y E D :
 A N
 E P I S T L E
 F R O M
 A Y O U N G L A D Y t o h e r B E T R A Y E R .

TO heaven and you repentant I confess
 At once my shame, contrition, and distress;
 And, oh! if pity may await a crime
 That sullies honour to remotest time,
 Judge from this faithful picture of my state,
 Whether that pity should my crime await;
 Cover'd with crimson blushes while I tell,
 From white-rob'd truth and virtue how I fell;
 From spotless innocence, from meek-ey'd peace,
 A prey to horror, victim to disgrace.

Four summers pass'd since this dejected frame,
 Was clad in sweetness, and enrich'd with fame;
 Within my breast no sentiment arose,
 That vestal maids might scruple to disclose;
 The best of mothers lavish'd on my mind,
 Each heav'n-taught precept to improve design'd;
 But guiltless joy on all my moments wait,
 Blind to a thought of my succeeding fate.

Oh! had my soul each bright perfection shar'd,
 Had all the beauties of my form been spar'd,
 A noble fortitude had steel'd my breast
 The serpent wiles of mankind to detest;
 To guard my virtue from the fatal stain,
 These tears attempt to wash away in vain.

A youth by nature and by art possess'd
 Of all that melts the sympathetic breast;
 Such sweet persuasion on whose accents hung,
 That while he spoke I thought an angel sung;
 Whose kneeling vows in fond profusion giv'n,
 Appear'd to me the registers of heav'n;
 With all the arts deception could inspire,
 Taught me to love, to pity, to admire;
 Eternal truth each broken sentence fill'd,
 Through ev'ry vital boundless rapture thrill'd;
 My honest soul each abject doubt disdain'd,
 Yet rolling years his suit was unobtain'd;
 Till imprecations hermits might deceive,
 Made me to endless infamy a slave;
 Dash'd the rich cup whence social comforts flow,
 And left me heir to everlasting woe.

Can I forget the still, the solemn night
 Scene of my joy, my ruin, my delight?
 When modest Cynthia veil'd her silver face,
 Too chaste to evidence my sad disgrace;
 When with affected piety of look
 His impious hands unclos'd the sacred book,
 And join'd our hearts with that celestial chain
 Which death can only disunite again;

The mystic ring upon my finger plac'd,
 Emblem of love, unchangeable and chaste;
 'Then Tarquin-like to my embraces flew,
 When ev'ry angel from my side withdrew.

Own, wretch obduratè, though you can't relent,
 Your present state is distant from content;
 Had you abandon'd in pursuit of wealth,
 Had ease, good humour, sprightliness and health,
 Had love to cheer, shou'd every comfort fail,
 And temper gentle as the southern gale;
 Unlike thy canker'd, thy mis-shapen bride,
 Fraught with detraction, enmity and pride;
 Who while her coffers burst with gems and plate,
 Grudges each tasteless morsel that you eat;
 Whose fiend-like soul aspires at no content,
 But the infernal pleasure to torment;
 Whose conversation may prevent my curse,
 Since hell contains no punishment that's worse.
 Here wou'd I close the grief awaking tale,
 And o'er the sequel cast a sable veil;
 To dumb obscurity the ills consign
 That adverse fortune destin'd to be mine;
 But though my heart at every sentence bleed,
 My sex's welfare prompts me to proceed.

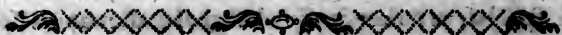
With hope and fear alternate conflicts spent
 Two tedious days since my destroyer went;
 I sigh'd, I lov'd, I look'd, I long'd in vain,
 And ev'ry moment was an age of pain;
 No streaming tear cou'd give my woes relief,
 Tears the poor refuge of a common grief;

The third a burning fever's heat express'd,
 The potent fury of a flame suppress'd.
 Vain was recourse to tenderness or art,
 Sorrow and shame were written on my heart;
 And wild distraction let my tongue reveal
 The fatal secret reason wou'd conceal.

Life from the great, the rich, the happy flies,
 But grief's immortal, and it never dies;
 Else why, ye powers! did I this stroke survive;
 Why am I still in misery alive?
 Perhaps the hour new vigour I acquir'd
 Some hero perish'd, or some bard expir'd;
 Some whose benevolence the world had shar'd
 Have fall'n, whilst wretchedness itself was spar'd.
 When new-born health her balmy influ'nce shed,
 And o'er my cheek a vermil tincture spread,
 A tender mother, to compassion wrought,
 The fatal cause of my affliction sought,
 Told him in words that might a Nero melt
 The stings her daughter in my absence felt;
 While from her eye the tear of pity stole,
 That spoke the kind sensations of her soul;
 But to her pleadings no regard was shewn,
 The wretch was callous as the frigid zone:
 Then 'gainst her life her trembling hand she bent,
 Nor e'er return'd to tell the sad event;
 No longer worthy our esteem to claim,
 She left me full of agony and shame.

Oh! thou to nature's visitings unknown,
 From whom these evils took their rise alone,

This tragic tale unshaken who can hear,
 Nor pay the gen'rous tribute of a tear;
 Know that when worldly artifice shall fail,
 To awful heav'n's tribunal I'll appeal;
 Of joys eternal let thy soul despair,
 For clad in terrors I'll arraign thee there;
 My bleeding mother shall confront thy sight,
 And furies snatch thee from the realms of light.



THE

G O O D S O N.

CHILDREN, when they are dutiful and affectionate, are certainly blessings: I will not say that they are, when they behave so as to make their parents repent of having contributed to their existence. The joy of an happy father is not to be conveyed by words: the grief of an unhappy one is also inexpressible.

Among the number of the first is Benevolus; and no man ever deserved more to be blessed with an amiable offspring, for I never knew a more indulgent parent. Benevolus treats his son in such a manner as to make him sensible that he is not only his father but his friend (characters not so often united as they ought to be); and Florio by his whole behaviour shews that his filial affection is equal to his filial duty. Fathers like Benevolus, and sons like Florio, are seldom seen: there are luckily, however, a few scattered up and

down in the world, to prevent my being charged with drawing ideal beings.

Benevolus is a widower, and has no child except Florio: he married late in life, and is now advancing to the last stage, while Florio is in his prime. The contrast between them is very striking. Few young people think seriously enough to make proper allowances for the difference of years, even among their common acquaintance; still less are they inclined to make allowances for a remarkable difference in point of age between themselves and their parents. The majority of young folks, rising into their meridian, are too apt to look upon their old relations, especially their nearest ones, as bars to their happiness; and if they do not absolutely wish them out of the way, behave as if they would not be at all sorry to be decently deprived of them. How different from his contemporaries, in this respect, is Florio! The advanced age of Benevolus, instead of diminishing his duty, or lessening his affection, animates him to give the most pleasing proofs both of the former and the latter. Florio never thinks the time thrown away which is spent in the company of his father, because he knows that the chief happiness of that father's life arises from his filial assiduities, and endeavours to amuse him. He is of a lively disposition, loves society, and no young fellow is more happily qualified for spirited conversation, but he suffers no pleasurable party to divert him from paying due attention to his parent.

Benevolus is a man of fortune, and of a libe-

ral disposition. Objects in distress, if they deserve to be relieved, always attract his notice. He lives, though in affluent circumstances, with great oeconomy and frugality, that his beneficence may be more extensively exerted; and contents himself with very few of the unnecessaries of life, in order to enlarge the circulation of his bounties. Florio sees his father so generously employed, without the least desire to interrupt his liberalities. On the contrary, he encourages them, and studiously searches for objects proper to be compassionated. Benevolus never opens nor closes his eyes without returning thanks to heaven for being blessed with such a son as Florio; whilst the latter is equally grateful to Providence for such a father as the former. Happier mortals than the one or the other I never saw, and I question whether persons enjoying a greater portion of temperal felicity can be produced.

Strangers, who are not sufficiently acquainted with Benevolus and Florio to know their characters and connections, never behold them walking or riding together, without wondering to see youth and age upon so friendly, so sociable a footing. As a young and an old man, they view them always together with evident marks of surprize; but when they are told that the objects of that surprize are father and son, they stare at them with redoubled admiration, and can hardly give credit to the intelligence. How would their wonder be increased were they to be spectators of all the *minutiae* of behaviour in their private hours? By all who are intimately acquainted with them they are

beheld with a respectful satisfaction, approaching to veneration.

“What would I give,” said Infelix one day to Benevolus, “what would I not give to be as happy in a son as you are?” Florio was with his father when these words were uttered, and it would require a masterly hand to paint the looks of both, at their delivery.

Florio, very early in life, discovered the most amiable dispositions and an aptitude to receive the instructions of those who superintended his education. He had a very strong capacity, and gave his masters great pleasure by the quickness of his apprehension, and the docility of his temper; by his eagerness to acquire knowledge, and his ardent desire to enlarge the powers of his mind. To encourage that eagerness, and to promote that desire, Benevolus was ever ready; and as he himself was possessed of an improved understanding, and very extensive literary accomplishments, he took an infinite delight in marking the swift progress which Florio made in his intellectual exercises. He would have been highly pleased to have seen such amiable dispositions, and such a happy propensity to literature, in any youth; but to see those dispositions and that propensity in his own son, gave him a secret solid pleasure which “beggars all description.”

As Florio grew up, he rather grew more than less addicted to letters. With his increasing years, his thirst for knowledge likewise increased: his acquisitions in learning are at this time amazing. But he is not only admirable for his lite-

rary acquisitions, he is equally extraordinary for his virtues as for his attainments. He had luckily an excellent pattern before his eyes in Benevolus; and by that example he was animated to a close imitation of it. After what I have said concerning Florio's capacity, taste, and temper, it is needless, I imagine, to add, that he has found very few companions of his own standing suitable to him, either in their minds or manners: I might subjoin morals; though in this polite age the morality of a companion is considered as a thing of the least consequence. Florio was never of this opinion, the number of his associates therefore is very small: his father was his early favourite, and to this minute continues so. With his father's conversation he is always improved, as well as entertained; and Benevolus by encouraging Florio to a free disclosure of his sentiments is no loser. He is not one of those self-sufficient people who, at the latter end of life, think themselves too well accomplished to receive any addition to their knowledge; he frequently tells his friends that he feels himself wiser by conversing with his son, as well as happier by his filial regard.

What an agreeable sight is such a father and such a son! each studying, with the most refined address, to render the other happy. The sight must surely be agreeable to indifferent spectators; but it must prove doubly so to those who are in the same manner happily related.

Florio gave not long ago a more striking proof of his filial affection than any I have yet related. Though he has a strong understanding, he has al-

so a tender heart, and is not ashamed of his sensibility. Whoever possessed such a heart, without being in love? Florio is at this instant desperately enamoured with a girl whom his father approves, and with whom he wishes him to be united. Benevolus, with his usual good-humour, joked him on his being so dilatory in his amours, and urged him to accelerate matters. Florio's answer upon the occasion was uncommon, and will do him honour as often as it is repeated. "Though I love Sylvia, Sir, said he, next to you, "as much as I love my life, I will never marry "her while she refuses to be mine, unless I bury "the son in the husband. The woman who re- "fuses to let so good a father live with me after "I am married, is unworthy of my esteem." Benevolus embraced his son tenderly for this singular instance of his real regard for him, but was too much agitated by the most agreeable sensations to articulate the joy which they occasioned: he murmured out his happiness in broken, detached sentences, in which there was, however, as much true elegance as if he had delivered the effusions of his heart with all the graceful pomp of oratory. He thought, before this instant, that he could not possibly love Florio more than he did, but he certainly does love him more for his spirited, dutiful, and affectionate behaviour with respect to Sylvia. There are few fathers, indeed, who deserve such a sacrifice; there are fewer sons, I am afraid, disposed to follow Florio's example, in similar circumstances.

Sylvia, piqued at the violent attachment of her

lover to his father, in opposition to her desires, has, ever since she was shocked by his refusing to gratify them, taken infinite pains to weaken that attachment, and to laugh him out of his amiable prejudices. Florio is not shaken by her raillery, nor diverted from his resolution to marry her only on his terms: but as he has actually a passion for her, and prefers her to every other woman in the world, he suffers disquietudes which are not to be described. The struggles which he feels disturb his peace, but they produce no alteration in his sentiments in favour of his mistress. Painful as it is to give her up, his filial piety supports him under the conflicts which he endures, and renders him an exalted character: A character certainly to be admired even by those who have not virtue enough to imitate it. Benevolus sees the uneasiness of his son with concern, because he fears that it will endanger his health; but he almost venerates him for the virtues which produced it.

Such a domestic situation as I have described is not frequently met with, and many people will, I fear, regard it as fictitious: but there are many domestic situations, besides this, which would be called romantic, if they were exhibited to the world. Common characters may please common readers, to whom every extraordinary character will appear in a romantic light. Benevolus and Florio are drawn for readers of a different stamp.

T H E
B A D S O N.

Characters like Benevolus and Florio are, I am sorry to observe, uncommon; those which I am going to draw are not rare. We see them every day; almost every hour; and, by seeing them so frequently, look at their opposites with the greater astonishment.

A more unhappy parent than Infelix never, perhaps, existed; he does not deserve to be unhappy, because he is the kindest father that ever lived; but all this tenderness is thrown away upon an obstinate, ignorant, immoral, ill-humoured, undutiful, son, who is heir to his estate, and who will certainly run headlong to ruin whenever he unfortunately comes to the possession of it. Mitio, pleasing himself with the prospect of future riches, takes no pains either to improve his mind, or to render himself, in any shape, useful to society, of which, indeed, he is a most unworthy member. His ignorance is extreme, and can only be exceeded by his ill-nature. He has a mortal aversion to reading, and can hardly bear the sight of a news-paper; though by a cursory perusal of those daily repositories of politics and literature, he might, without much trouble, pick up much useful intelligence, and make a tolerable figure in a modern conversation-piece. But Mitio ne-

ver reads; and is therefore not properly qualified even to talk nonsense. He appears totally insignificant and contemptible in company: he goes about to public places, sees the world, stares around him, but makes no observations. The objects which strike his eyes go no farther; when they are removed, they are forgotten. He has no memory, and as little sentiment. Were he only stupid, one might bear him; but he is so malevolent as well as ignorant, that he is really a detestable creature. No monkey is more mischievous: all his pleasure arises from giving pain to some living creature about him. He is perpetually plaguing animals; and if he can create any uneasiness to his own species, without risking his person, for he is a contemptible coward, he will do it with immense satisfaction. It would be a tiresome task to enumerate all the freaks of his malevolence, which divert no person but himself. Every body who sees in what manner he employs his time, pities his poor father: and no father is certainly more entitled to compassion.

Mitio's temper is so refractory, that he acts diametrically opposite to the advice of his parent in every respect. He is vicious and extravagant; delights in low company, and is proud of being at the head of it. Drinking, gaming, and gallantry, all in the lowest style, by turns he pursues; and in pursuit of those vices, is making hasty strides to a miserable manhood: he has not yet attained sixteen, but if he is not carried off by his debaucheries before the age of inheritance, his constitution will be demolished. He may live to

inherit his father's estate, but I may venture to say, that he will never enjoy it.

Sophronia, the mother of Mitio, in every respect an amiable wife, being of a gentle disposition, and in the strictest sense of the word a good woman, is very much hurt by the vicious and perverse behaviour of her son, whose extravagance and debaucheries will, in all probability, soon put an end to her existence; for she has too much tenderness not to be deeply affected by his profligacy, and is too delicately formed to endure the anguish occasioned by it, long: he sees her, every day, visibly declining in her health, without emotion; and though he is often told that he is himself the cause of her indisposition, hears it with unconcern. Mitio has no filial sensations; he has no feelings. If his father and mother and all his relations lay dead at his feet, he would drink his half-pint bumper over them dry-eyed.

Infelix and Sophronia, with all their admonitions or reproofs, cannot make any impression on their son, nor divert him from his attachment to those vices and follies to which he is by nature prone, and in which he seems determined to persevere, though he has already smarted for his sins, and has been more than once seized with dangerous disorders. He is insensible; he is incorrigible; equally deaf to advice, and regardless of warning. No young fellow ever took more pains to dishonour his species: he never appears happy but when going to gratify a pernicious passion, or to indulge a brutal appetite. In the gratification and the indulgence of such passions and appetites

he spends the greatest part of his time, and to the most ignoble purposes employs the little glimmering of reason which distinguishes him from the irrational animals of the creation. We are very ready to call a man of this cast a brute; but I believe it would puzzle a naturalist to produce a brute half so contemptible as a human being disgracing humanity.

Though Mitio is almost every day, in the kindest manner, intreated by his parents to quit the paths of libertinism and debauchery, he pays not the least attention to them, but leaves them with a ridiculous laugh, and tells them that they must not pretend to teach him how to conduct himself. If at any time they grow very serious in their reprehensions, and express their uneasiness at the turpitude of his behaviour, he desires them not to trouble their heads about his affairs, informs them (not in very dutiful language) that he does not understand such treatment, flies out of the house in a violent passion, and threatens never to return.

Mitio, besides his propensity to the greater vices already mentioned has a remarkable *penchant* to the lesser ones, among which I reckon mischief-making in its numerous branches; pride, pertness, self-consequence, envy and detraction, with others of the same stamp. With all these lesser vices, by which the peace of families is so frequently disturbed, Mitio is alternately tainted; and very ingeniously contrives, for in low cunning few people excel him, to make the whole house unhappy while he is in it; and to set half

the neighbourhood in which he lives, by the ears. His haughty carriage to the servants at home, and the arts which he practises from morning to night to make them incur the displeasure of their master and mistress, render him thoroughly obnoxious; and the servants in every family which he visits, are not more satisfied with his behaviour.

The companions which Mitio chuses for his joyous moments are so opposite in their manners to Florio, that they seem to be the inhabitants of another world; and while such companions are his darlings, Infelix cannot reasonably hope for a reformation in him.

Infelix and Sophronia often, before Mitio, mention the peculiar happiness of Benevolus in having so excellent a son as Florio with the strongest marks of admiration; and paint all that young gentleman's filial virtues in the most striking colours, hoping to make their son thoroughly ashamed of his own vices, and undutiful behaviour; but Mitio hears them lavish their encomiums without the least desire to merit the same; he hears them, but commonly in a very inattentive manner, whistling, drumming with his fingers upon the table, scratching the wainscot with a key, or by applying his lips to the hollow part of it, making it resemble a cat-call; and by such silly signs of inattention, increases the uneasiness which his parents feel on his account.

At the birth of Mitio, Infelix thought himself supremely blessed in having an heir to his estate. He had lost two boys soon after they were chri-

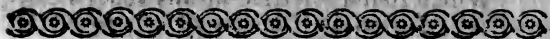
stened, and the sight of a third gladdened his heart beyond expression; but the joy which Infelix felt at the birth of Mitio, lasted no longer than his childhood; for as soon as he was breeched, a variety of bad dispositions prognosticated the conversion of that felicity into the sincerest sorrow. Mitio has from that time degenerated every day, and his unhappy father is every day more and more grieved when he thinks to how unworthy a successor his riches may be transmitted. There is, indeed, a very strong probability that Mitio will die before Infelix, though there is a great disparity in their ages. According to the course of nature, Mitio has certainly the advantage of his father; but in point of constitution, Infelix promises to be the longest liver.

I heartily wish that the character I have here drawn, was imaginary: It gives me no small pain to say, that it is copied from the life. There is great satisfaction in painting a Florio; but none in working up a Mitio. The exhibition of both characters, however, may be attended with agreeable consequences; the former by alluring young persons to the paths of virtue, and the other by deterring them from following the footsteps of vice.

The father who is blessed with a son amiable as Florio, will naturally thank heaven, while he is reading the character of Mitio, for his happiness as a parent; whilst he who has a son like Mitio, though he cannot be charmed with his lot, ought not to murmur, but chearfully and patiently re-

sign himself to such a severe calamity. He who impatiently wishes in vain for an heir to inherit his possessions, should reflect seriously on the parental character, and consider whether his unhappiness would not be more increased by a son of Mitio's turn, than his happiness would be enlarged by one of Florio's disposition. By reflecting in this manner he will learn to correct his impatience, and submit with humility to the dispensations of Providence. The vanity of human wishes, in general, has been pointed out by several ingenious authors, with the greatest propriety; and the particular vanity of wishing for children merely to succeed to our fortunes, cannot be too severely exposed.





A N
E L E G Y.

Occasioned by the

Unfortunate Death of a YOUNG L A D Y.

[Scene, a Valley near a River; Time, Midnight.]

'TIS solemn darkness all, and silence
deep;

The love-born warbler ends her wailing song,
And Wisdom's bird a while forgets in sleep

His tale of sorrows for the night too long:

In downy rest all active beings lie,

Quick fancy's tow'ring wing, and beauty's fun-
clad eye.

Not fancy's wing has flatt'ring rest confin'd;

Her roving flight can heavy sleep restrain?

Ev'n now the goddess swift outstrips the wind,

Darts through the skies, or skims the rolling
main.

At this lone hour she foreign worlds explores,

Basks in new-blazing suns, and treads on golden
shores.

Still silence reigns, save for the fullen knell

Which round yon time-shrunk abbey's clock
has spread,

Save from the ruins of her vaulted cell

That weary echo lifts her languid head:

Mean while with midnight, from her cavern drear

Bounds many a spectre grim, begot by hoary fear.

Ill fares the wretch, benighted and alone,

No friendly lamp to guide his weary way,

Though doom'd to pass through horrid deeps
unknown,

O'er steepy cliffs, or deserts wild, to stray;

While busy fancy forms new scenes of woe,

Fearful he steals along, with trembling steps and
flow.

Yet some would these terrific scenes despise,

Would danger's frown, however dreadful,
brave,

And while black midnight veils the fable skies,

Tread the wild heath, or tempt the faithless
wave.

When slighted love, or solitary care,

Congenial horrors seek, the haunts of pale de-
spair.

Long, poor Lucinda! wilt thou wake my woe,

Ill-fated victim of disastrous love!

Whose grief could teach the savage tear to flow,

Whose plaint could more than human pity
move:

Nor darker gloom'd, unwilling to survey
Those lovely eyes in death, whose beams abash'd
the day.

Say, ye sad gales! her dying sighs ye bore;

Ye fountain-maids! that heard her plaintive

distrain,

All as she wander'd o'er the dreary shore,

Say, did not thus the mourning fair com-

plain?

When, long imprison'd, from her lab'ring breast

Burst the big-swell'ing grief, in groans and tears

express'd.

“Has she, whom late the raptur'd youth ad-

or'd,

“Late the gay queen of beauty and of love,

“Has she compassion from her slave implor'd,

“And fail'd that pity, which she gave, to

move?

“She has!—for ever veil your conscious light,

“Ye glowing orbs, that gild the friendly gloom

of night!

“Yet would'st thou once, ungrateful as thou

art!—

“But why—— why will distracted fancy

rave?

“Sooner shall anguish tear this wounded heart,

“Till death conduct me to the sleeping

grave.

“In friendly death these tears shall cease to flow,

“And this swoln breast resign its load of painful

woe.”

She said; and silent sought this mournful shade,
 In solemn woe flow roll'd this ample tide;
 Each breeze in sighs through trembling oziers
 play'd,
 And love-lorn echo piteously reply'd.
 Condolence vain! ah what avail'd to find
 Than savage-hearted man the winds and waves
 more kind.

Yet hadst thou then her awful silence seen,
 As wild and trembling o'er this bank the
 flood,
 Ungentle youth! Lucinda still had been,
 Nor perish'd, sunk beneath the whelming
 flood:

Her mute distress alone had pow'r to move
 And touch th' insensate soul that never knew to
 love.

In this sad shade here let me lonely mourn,
 The duteous tear to her and friendship pay,
 With one poor verse inscribe her lowly urn,
 That many a trav'ler passing thence may say,
 "Whom thousands worshipp'd, nature's, beauty's
 pride!
 "That one despis'd, she could not bear, and
 dy'd!"

THE
MELANCHOLY EFFECTS
OF
DISAPPOINTED LOVE.

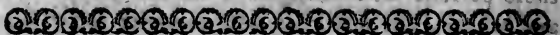
AS it is not our intention in this place to lay before the reader every minute occurrence in the life of the unfortunate Lucinda, but only that particular circumstance of it which occasioned a most extraordinary change in her natural disposition, we shall purposely omit the less material incidents of her infancy. It is necessary, however, to mention, that her father, who died soon after she entered her fifteenth year, left a widow and two daughters, (the eldest of which is the heroine of the following narrative,) settled in a good business at a market-town in D——shire. By this the little family obtained a comfortable subsistence, and lived happy, though not rich. Near five years thus passed on in a series of uninterrupted felicity, too great to be permanent. The daughters of Sophronisba began to be universally admired: Lucinda had very agreeable features, regular if not handsome; but her greatest ornament was an inexhaustible fund of wit and good-humour, which displayed itself on every occasion in the most agreeable sallies: and her temper was so

uncommonly agreeable, that it was esteemed impossible ever to ruffle it. Her sister Rosetta's charms lay chiefly in her countenance, where the graces seemed to have been too profusely bountiful; particularly as it was so false an emblem of her mind. Formed by nature for hypocrisy and dissimulation, she proved the immediate source of Lucinda's greatest misfortunes. Amidst the numerous train of those who professed themselves the devoted slaves of Sophronisba's daughters, (all of whom Rosetta appeared to treat with the coldest reserve) Palladio was not the least considerable: He was the only heir to an annual income of fifteen hundred pounds. Lucinda's good character had attracted his esteem; but Rosetta was determined to win his affections for herself. This she found no difficult task; for the youth, though sensible, was naturally amorous. As her excessive reservedness, however, would not permit her to receive openly his addresses, she prevailed on him to continue his visits to Lucinda, that he might the more easily, by a maternal sanction for visiting the one sister, gain the opportunities of conversing with the other. Lucinda, unsuspecting of their fraud, received Palladio with pleasure; and it was no small addition to her happiness, to observe, that Rosetta appeared to regard her lover with the friendship of a sister. Matters continued thus in a pleasing perplexity for some weeks, when Lucinda learnt, by a letter she had received through a mistake, and which was intended for Rosetta, that Palladio had settled the preliminaries of marriage with her sister; and that he wait-

ed only for his father's consent, (which he doubted not of obtaining that very day) to settle the definitive treaty.——Judge, reader, if you can, the distraction of Lucinda at this alarming discovery. Her lover, her sister, in a joint conspiracy to deceive her. The only man that ever engaged her regard, on the point of marriage with a sister for whom she had the greatest esteem! Uncertain what resolutions to take, she stood for a while lost in the height of her affliction. At length, recollecting an intimate friend of her father's, who was gone with his family to settle in London, she determined to apply to him, to procure a place for her in some gentleman's family, where she might live unknown to her relations, and endeavour to forget those anxieties which the town of A——, the scene of all her past bliss, must necessarily occasion by the remembrance of it. Soon after, collecting together all the necessaries time would permit, she set out, (under pretence of paying a visit to a lady at D——), for the abode of her father's friend in London, which she easily found out. To him she related the whole circumstances of her affliction, and implored him to fix her in a situation where she might be concealed. The friendship Horatio had lived in with her father soon led him to commiserate the misfortunes of Lucinda; he would have kept her in his own family, but he had too many visitors from A—— to think of her being there long unknown. As it was her desire, therefore, he procured her the place of housekeeper to a family of distinction, in which post she has now been for some years;

"But oh! how chang'd, how fallen!"

The effects of her disappointment with Palladio are inconceivable: From the gay, the amiable, the admired Lucinda, she is now become the reserved, the peevish, the despised old maid. Her regular features are entirely ruined by her grief; her natural understanding impaired by a repetition of sorrow; her wit, once the delight of all who knew her, is now wholly employed in execrations on the perfidy of man; and, in short, her life is become troublesome to herself; and her pride and ill nature, (the only acquisition she got in exchange for her happiness) are the source of uneasiness to the whole family she resides in. How base then must the behaviour of Palladio and Rosetta appear to the humane reader! Regardless of a mother's tears for the loss of a beloved daughter, they were married in two days after the departure of Lucinda. The unhappy Sophronisba, unable to support this additional trouble, fell ill of a fever, which soon put a period to her life, now become a burden to her. Thus was the peace of the unfortunate family ruined by the unparalleled perfidy of a deceitful daughter, who herself survived the mother but a short time, dying soon after in child-bed.



THE LONDON MERCHANT.

A TALE.

MR. Kite, a merchant of London, having acquired a competent fortune, made his house a rendezvous for persons of consideration. A complaisant and prudent wife did with him the honours of the table, which being always open and splendidly served, attracted the presence of a great number of that kind of friends who esteem only the favourites of Plutus; and who, while he was opulent, could lend money, and give feasts, praised him, thought it an honour to be his friend, admired every thing he said, and applauded his most trivial actions; but fortune having at length withdrawn her favours from Mr. Kite, those sunshine friends and admirers soon disappeared, abandoned, and even treated him with contempt. The first misfortune which befel our merchant, was the bankruptcy of two persons charged with his most valuable effects; and afterwards, the loss of a ship wherein he had considerable sums, having completed his ruin, his bills of exchange were protested, and his houses and effects were sold to answer the demands of his creditors.

Amidst this reverse of fortune, nothing more sensibly affected Mr. Kite than the desertion of

those persons who had shared in his prosperity, and whom, till now, he had thought to be his friends. This chagrin, however, was soon removed by the comfort he found in the unabated affection of his wife, who did the utmost in her power to console him.

Mr. Kite had two daughters; one about seventeen years of age, the other yet in the cradle. Amaryllis, which was the eldest, had received from nature and education every thing which could render her accomplished; and although very beautiful, yet she was still more distinguished for her prudent and virtuous conduct; and administered at the time of their distress the most powerful consolation to the authors of her birth. Though educated in opulence, she quitted without regret her superb dresses, for those more suitable to the reduced situation of her family, without appearing before her father either more sorrowful, or less attentive to please him.

The heart of Amaryllis was not insensible; the merit and accomplishments of a young lord, named Messer, had made some impression on her. He was possessed of a considerable fortune, and was one of her father's visitors in his days of affluence. The charms of Amaryllis had struck Messer; but as he had no design of marrying, and she was supposed to be too rich to consent to any other kind of connection, he contented himself with the pleasure of seeing her, without declaring his sentiments. Amaryllis, on her part, though she entertained a tender regard for Messer, behaved with such propriety as not to let him perceive he

had triumphed over her affections. Her mother, however, discovered what passed in her mind, and failed not to give her the necessary instructions for strengthening her in that prudence which she had always practised; and Mrs. Kite being herself desirous of having Messex for her son-in-law, determined to use her endeavours with her spouse to come to an explanation with him in regard to his frequent visits: But their misfortunes now beginning to come on, put an end to this project; and Amaryllis thought of nothing but how to banish him from her heart; not flattering herself, that a man who had discovered but little regard for her in prosperity, would have more lively sentiments for her in adversity. Her mother also signified that she must no more think of such an alliance; so that her hope was extinguished almost in its birth.

Messex, on his part, was not without uneasiness; he loved Amaryllis to excess, and yet was averse from marrying. This young lord was not without his virtues, but, misled by the example and remonstrances of many young gentlemen, who regarded marriage as a yoke, and love as an amusement, he armed himself against his own sentiments, and managed his passion so well that it was not perceived; but when he saw Kite's house in distress, he thought it a fit opportunity for discovering his passion, making no doubt but a ruined family would think it a considerable advantage to have for his friend a man of rank, fortune, and interest, on any terms: He therefore re-

and doubled his assiduities to Kite at a time when every one else had abandoned him.

Things were in this situation when the parents of Amaryllis had determined to send her into the country, to the house of a man and his wife formerly domestics in their family; there to remain till some change should happen in their affairs. The farmer and his wife received her with joy, and made it their study to oblige and amuse her.

Soon after the calamities of poor Kite increased to such a degree, that the greatest part of his household furniture was sold, and then he would admit no person into his house, to avoid the shame of appearing in such a condition. Messer, after some enquiry, found out the retreat of Amaryllis, which happened to be near the spot where he had a beautiful estate, whither he set out, determined to see her; and soon after his departure from London, the unfortunate merchant was thrown into prison, and remained in danger of perishing there.

Messer having gone down to, and stayed some time at, his country seat, at length went to the farmer's house, and enquired for Amaryllis; when reasons were given for refusing to introduce him to her; but he urging his friendship to the family, and that he came on purpose to offer great services to her on their behalf, he was admitted.

Amaryllis was surprized to see him; he saluted her with respect, and found her more beautiful than ever. He began the conversation with

expressing his concern for the disasters of her family: To which she made a suitable answer, adding, that her own situation gave her but little trouble, but that of her parents was truly afflicting to her; and concluded with lamenting the falsehood of those pretended friends who adhered to her father in his prosperity, but had now abandoned him.

Messex on this, regarding her with eyes full of desire, “ Beautiful Amaryllis (said he) do not confound me in the number of those ungrateful persons; I have never ceased being a friend to your father. Reasons which I cannot now mention, have for the present hindered me from proving it; but now they are at an end, and nothing can resist the desire I have to render you happy,—I adore you, charming Amaryllis, and I am ready to disengage your father, to pay his debts, and give him a fortune to re-establish his affairs, and to assure to you all your life, a fortune as brilliant as you can wish to have, be but agreeable to my wishes. You shall be absolute mistress in my town-house, in my country-house, and none but you shall reign in my heart. I have no intention to marry; and if, through motives which I cannot foresee, I should be forced to change my condition, I will place you in so comfortable a state that you shall have no reason to complain.

It is not easy to express what passed in the heart of Amaryllis at this proposition: Less irritated at the temerity of Messex, than against herself for having entertained sentiments which he

so little merited, she employed all the time of his discourse, in arming herself with the contempt necessary to triumph over the fatal power which attracted her towards him; and when he had finished his discourse,——I could not have imagined, said she, that misery could contain any misfortune greater than misery itself; but you have taught me to-day that it has something still more dreadful; the loss of fortune, the deplorable state of my mother, the imprisonment of my father, appear nothing in comparison with the outrage you have done them, in thinking me capable to purchase, at so high a price, their fortune and mine; those who have abandoned us, are a thousand times less culpable than you, since they have seen our misfortune without insulting it. As for you, you only assume the mask of pity, that you may be more successful in guilt, more certain in seduction; but know, that, notwithstanding our misfortunes, friends such as you will excite nothing but contempt. Away with your wishes, and your offerings, and never again pronounce the name of Amaryllis.

After having thus delivered her sentiments she immediately retired into a little closet, locked herself in, and gave a vent to sorrow so much the more afflicting as she had formed a very different idea of the design of Messer's visit.

The farmer's wife having overheard the conversation which passed between Messer and Amaryllis, was much offended at the scandalous proposal he had made to that virtuous young lady, and conjured him never to come into the house.

again: He, on the other hand, whom the sight of Amaryllis had rendered more ardent for possession, tried every means to gain a second interview, and for that purpose intreaties and promises were used, and money offered to the farmer's wife; but in vain.

Messlex provoked at so bad a reception on all sides, at first determined to conquer his passion, but finding that impracticable, he set out for London, thinking the distresses in which the family was involved, might induce Mrs. Kite to give a more favourable ear to his proposal, and prevail on her daughter to consent. He accordingly repaired to the poor merchant's house, where he found his wife and her infant daughter, in a chamber furnished only with a bed and a few old chairs. His heart was somewhat affected at this sight, but thinking it propitious to his design, he confessed his love for Amaryllis to the unfortunate mother, declaring without hesitation not to marry her, but that he would give her so ample a fortune as to prevent all regret for the want of the title of his wife; and that he would put Mr. Kite in a condition to retrieve his affairs. Having finished his speech, he threw on one of the chairs a purse full of gold, as an earnest of his generosity.

Mrs. Kite, amazed and provoked at Messlex's offer, expressed her indignation in the strongest terms; and rejecting his gold with contempt, peremptorily bad him be gone; adding, that her misfortunes were a thousand times more supportable than the horror of seeing him; and commanded him to depart the house.

Though Messer was astonished at the pride of the mother and the daughter, in such a situation as the affairs of the family then were, yet he could not help admiring their resolution, and was even affected with it. Mrs. Kite, justly alarmed at what she had heard, and trembling for the virtue of Amaryllis, immediately wrote a very pathetic letter to her to strengthen her resolution of triumphing over so dangerous an attack. — This letter falling into Messer's hands through the carelessness of the messenger, he had the curiosity to open it, and found it to contain the strongest injunctions to her daughter to persevere in virtue; and at the same time, he discovered by the following and other passages in it, that Amaryllis had entertained a passion for him:—— “ My
 “ dear daughter, (says Mrs. Kite in the letter) let
 “ us trust ourselves in the hands of Providence,
 “ and if we are to die poor, we shall at least die
 “ without infamy. Extinguish your passion; let
 “ your eyes be shut against him who has been
 “ guilty of such outrages; never admit him to
 “ discourse with you; and rather lose life than
 “ depart from the laws of virtue, &c.”——This and other arguments made use of in Mrs. Kite's epistle, penetrated Messer to the heart, and his own virtue began to discover itself: He was ashamed of his attempt on innocence; his birth and fortune appeared so trifling to him in comparison of the virtue of Amaryllis, that he now acknowledged himself as much beneath her, as before he had imagined she was beneath him; and his whole thoughts were employed in studying

how he might repair the wrongs he had offered to so virtuous a family.

Melfex resealed Mrs. Kite's letter, conveyed it safely to Amaryllis, and also contrived to have her answer to her mother delivered into his hand, which was in substance as follows:

“Madam,

“IT would be a cruel aggravation of my grief, if you had believed that, sprung from you, I could entertain any other sentiments than your own, or that those which I had for Melfex had been unworthy of your confidence. I have not been mistress of my heart; but I have never ceased being mistress of myself. A fatal ascendancy has forced me to consider him in an amiable light; and I confess that, distinguishing him from all other men, I thought him worthy of my esteem. I am cruelly deceived, and I cannot conceal from you that this has cost me more tears than all our misfortunes. I do not pretend to boast of an entire victory, I am not acquainted with my own heart; but what I can protest, is, that I despise him as much as I have loved him; and yet perhaps I love him still: let not that alarm you; the more difficulty I have to break my chains, the greater the glory of the conquest.—My indignation against him is redoubled on hearing that he has had the temerity to address himself to you. I easily perceive with what design you flatter me with some change in our affairs; but, Madam, permit me to tell you, that there is no occasion for such hope to engage me to follow your steps; that, ha-

ving only Virtue, in my view, she shall be my guide in every occurrence of life. My heart is most sensibly afflicted with your sufferings; but notwithstanding all my love for you and my father, ready as I am to sacrifice the last drop of my blood, if necessary to your happiness, I would never purchase it with the least action which might make you blush in having given me birth; solely adhering to that virtue which is above the emotions of nature. Do not suffer your troubles to be increased. I look to Providence for the termination of them, and to that power I am as submissive as you are, and will live and die worthy the name of

AMARYLLIS KITE."

This letter had a great effect on the heart of Messer; he perceived even in the indignation of Amaryllis that she had always loved him; and hoped it would not be impossible to recall her esteem, should he endeavour to merit it; which he now resolved to do, the extraordinary virtue of the mother and daughter having presented itself to his view in all its lustre. — He accordingly repaired immediately to Mrs. Kite with Amaryllis's letter, to whom (after some difficulty in gaining admittance, on account of his late behaviour) he delivered it, at the same time throwing himself at her feet, acknowledged the fault he had been guilty of, and his resolution of espousing her daughter.

To add to the happiness of Mrs. Kite, after this declaration, he took her in his chariot to the cre-

ditor who held her husband in prison, paid his demand, and then drove to the place of his confinement, and released him. He afterwards settled this now happy couple in one of his own houses elegantly furnished, had the youngest daughter brought home to them, presented them with an equipage, and appointed them servants, and made an handsome settlement on them for life.

Things being in this situation, Amaryllis was sent for to town, and informed of the fortunate change in her father's circumstances, but kept in the dark for the present as to the manner of its being brought about; she however, by degrees came to the knowledge of the whole matter, and of the happiness that awaited her, in receiving the hand of the young nobleman she loved, and who, fully sensible of his crime in attempting her virtue, was ready to ask her pardon and make her all the amends in his power.

The marriage was accordingly in a few days after magnificently celebrated, and Kite and his whole family thereby made completely happy.

This adventure was so deeply impressed on the minds of the people in many parts of England, that when they wanted to extol the wisdom or probity of any one, they would say, "Virtuous as the Kites," so true is it that a good reputation is preferable to the greatest fortune.

THE
 VANITY
 OF
 IMAGINARY PROJECTS.

THE actions of our lives, even those we call most important, seem as much subject to trifles, as our very lives themselves. We frame many notable projects in imagination, and promise to ourselves an equal term of life. It is however in the power of the minutest accident, to shorten the one, and disconcert the other. It is with mankind as with certain fire-engines, whose motion may be stopped in the midst of its rapidity, by the interposition of a straw in a particular part of them.

The following translation from the original Spanish will sufficiently illustrate the foregoing assertion: Don Pedro ——— was one of the principal grandees of his age and country. He had a genius equal to his birth, and a disposition remarkably contemplative. It was his custom, on this account, to retire from the world at stated periods, and to indulge himself in all the mazes of a fine imagination. It happened, as he one day sat in his study, that he fixed his eye on a neighbouring spider. The most trivial object (if any natu-

ral object can be termed so) served him frequently for the foundation of some moral and sublime reflection. He surveyed the creature attentively, and indulged the bias of his thought, until he was lost in the excursions of a profound reverie. The curious workmanship of this unregarded animal brought at once into his mind the whole art of fortification. He observed the deficiency of human skill, and that no cunning could have contrived her so proper a habitation. He found that no violence could affect the extremities of her lines, but what was immediately perceptible, and liable to alarm her at the center. He observed the road, by which she sallied forth, served to convey intelligence from without, at the same time that it added strength and stability to the work within. He was at once surprised and pleased with an object which, although common, he happened not to have beheld in the same light, or with the same attention. From this instant he bent his thoughts upon the advancement of military fortification: And he often would declare it was this trivial incident, that gave him a relish for that study, which he afterwards pursued with such application and success.

He spent in short so much time upon the attainment of this science, that he grew as capable of executing any part of it, as speculation alone could render him. Nothing wanted now but practice to complete the fame of his abilities. That in short was the next pursuit. He became desirous of experiencing what had been so successful in imagination, and to make those mural sallies,

which had been attended there with victory. To this end he had little to do, but excite the ambition of his young monarch; to enforce by testimony of his friends his qualifications for the post he sought; and, on the first delivery of his petition, to obtain preferment from the king.

This happened to be a time of the profoundest tranquillity, little agreeable to a person eager of glory, furnished with skill, and conscious of abilities. Such was this ingenious nobleman. He well knew the ambition of princes, and of his monarch in particular. But he was not acquainted with his own. That imperious and subtle passion is often most predominant, when it is least perceived. When it once prevails in any great degree, we find our reason grow subservient, and, instead of checking or contracting, it stoops to flatter and to authorise it. Instead of undeceiving, she confirms us in our error; and even levels the mounds and smooths the obstructions, which it is her natural province to interpose. This was the case of Don Pedro. The delicacy of his taste increased his sensibility; and his sensibility made him more a slave. The mind of man, like the finer parts of matter, the more delicate it is, naturally admits the more deep and the more visible impressions. The purest spirits are the soonest apt to take the flame. Let us therefore be the more candid to him, on account of the vivacity of his passions, seduced, as indeed he was, into very unwarrantable schemes.

He had in brief conceived a project to give his master an universal monarchy. He had calculat-

ed every article with the utmost labour and precision, and intended, within a few days, to present his project to the king.

Spain was then in a state of affluence; had a large army on foot; together with means and opportunities of raising an immense one. It were impossible to answer for the possible events, that might destroy their hopes of such an enterprise. Difficulty often attends the execution of things the most feasible and well contrived in theory. But whoever was acquainted with the author of this project, knew the posture of affairs in Europe at that time, the ambition of the prince, and the many circumstances that conspired to favour it, might have thought the project would have been agreed to, put in practice; and, without some particular interposition of fortune, been attended with success—But fortune did not put herself to any particular trouble about the matter.

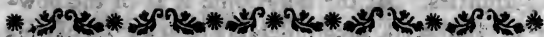
Don Pedro, big with vast designs, was one day walking in his fields. He was promised the next morning an audience of the king. He was preparing himself for a conversation that might prove of so much consequence to all mankind; when walking thoughtfully along and regardless of his path, his foot happened to stumble and to overturn an ant's nest. He cast his eyes upon the ground to see the occasion of his mistake, where he spied the little animals in the most miserable confusion. He had the delicacy of sentiment to be really sorry for what he had done; and, putting himself in their condition, began to reflect upon

the consequence. It might be an age to them ere they could recover their tranquillity. He viewed them with a sort of smile, to find the anxiety they underwent for such perishable habitations; Yet he considered that his contempt was only the effect of his own superiority, and that there might be some created beings to whom his own species must appear as trifling. His remark did not cease here. He considered his future enterprise, with an eye to such a race of beings. He found it must appear to them in a light as disadvantageous, as the ambition and vain-glory of an ant would to himself. How ridiculous, he said, must this republic appear to me, could I discern its actions, as it has probably many, that are analogous to those of human nature! Suppose them at continual variance about the property of a grain of sand. Suppose one, that had acquired a few sands more to his portion—as also one grain of wheat, and one small particle of barley-flour, should think himself qualified to tyrannize over his equals and to lord it, uncontrouled. Consider him, on this account, not contented to make use of the numerous legs with which nature has supplied him, born aloft by a couple of slaves within the hollow of an husk of wheat, five or six others, at the same time, attending solemnly upon the procession. Suppose, lastly, that, among this people, the prime minister should persuade the rest to level war upon a neighbouring colony; and this, in order to be styled the sovereign of two hillocks, instead of one; while perhaps their present condition leaves them nothing to wish besides

superfluities. At the same time it is in the power of the most inconsiderable among mankind, nay, of any species of animals superior to their own, to destroy at once the minister and the people altogether: This is doubtless very ridiculous, yet this is doubtless my own case, in respect to many subordinate beings, and very certainly of the supreme one. Farewell then, ye air-built citadels! Farewell visions of unsolid glory! Don Pedro will seek no honour of so equivocal an acceptation, as to degrade his character to a superior species, in proportion as it exalts him before his own.

See here a just conclusion! In short, he found it so fairly drawn, as immediately to drop his project, leave the army, and retire; of which whimsical relation it may be well enough observed, that a spider had enslaved the world, had not an ant obstructed his design.





T H E
T O M B S.
A R H A P S O D Y.

FATHER of fate! before whose awful throne,

Revolving planets bow diminish'd down;
Who checks the fiery comet's rapid way,
Commands the tempest, and confines the sea.

Almighty! aid me, in the day of dread;
When the rent graves shall yield their rising dead,
When at the trumpet's clangor skies give way,
And the world blazes in eternal day,
Time breaks his glass, with trembling fear a-
ghast,

And death shall sicken at the dreadful blast.

SENECIO thus, the dismal graves survey'd,
Thus spoke the sage, as 'midst the tombs he stray'd.

Now flitting bats around the church-yard fly,
While silent eve invests the vaulted sky;
A settled gloom along the cloister spread,
Breathing black horror o'er the darken'd dead.
Struck with the sight, the teacher silence broke,
And thus the musing moralizer spoke:

“Ye splendid come, the solemn scene survey,
“Dust unto dust, so pass the proud away,
“Go, sift the shrines for all ennobled earth,
“And teach the tomb-bred worm respect to birth,

" In this sad scene, the universal feat,
 " Here rest the wretched, and here rot the great,
 " Mute moulder here the smooth-tongu'd servile
 tribe,
 " And here corruption shuns the guilty bribe;
 " Dry'd is the famish'd widow's fallen tear;
 " And pining merit's sighs are silenc'd here:
 " The unhappy here a sure sad refuge find,
 " Free from the farce, or falshood of mankind."

Thus spoke the sage, more he had yet to say,
 When fair LYSINE cross'd the cloister'd way;
 Trip'd down the dome, and beam'd like distant
 day.

Sweeping along the sounding isle she pac'd,
 With all the air, the art of fashion grac'd.
 Insidious met him with well-feign'd surprize,
 Flash'd on his face the lightnings of her eyes.

The good old man to the fair figure bow'd,
 While in his cheeks, the long-lost colour glow'd,
 Quick and more quick, his panting bosom beat,
 His blood thrill'd, mantling with unusual heat,
 His eyes disclos'd unspeakable delight,
 She saw the wonder and enjoy'd the sight.

When thus the fair one, Why in this dark
 dome,

From social joys sequester'd will you roam?
 Moping about, to solitude a slave?
 Of all companions, keep me from the grave.
 Vapours forsake me! chuse to wander here?
 You've a strange taste though, let me die, my
 dear.

What! talk to tombs, to goblins, ghosts, and fairies?

Well then, I vow, old men have strange vagaries?

And then the statues?— All such filthy creatures,

Carv'd with such clownish, queer, old fashion'd features.

Eh! I must laugh, dear monitor, don't frown,

For all the world, you look yourself like one.

SENECIO.

Alas, LYSINE, mark yon mangled bust,

O'erspread with moss, decaying into dust:

Black spiders in its pointed fragments hide,

And slimy slugs, slow on the surface slide,

This, like rich beauty, once all splendid shone,

And each gay colour deck'd the gilded stone.

There, art on art attracted every view,

Adorn'd, unrival'd, and admir'd, like you.

So when you fade, as fade one day you must,

And that fine form falls crumbling into dust,

Your eyes drop dim, your tongue harmonious fail,

Each limb turn'd livid, and each cheek sunk pale,

Eyes, tongue, limbs, cheeks, beneath the earth are

thrown,

Like the rent fragments of yon ragged stone.

How nice, how noble once, avails not here,

The mould'ring beggar rots as fine as fair.

Entomb'd, the courtly toast forgets her pride,

And patient crumbles by the peasant's side.

Alike the weeds spread nauseous o'er the grave

Of laurel'd CÆSAR, or the fetter'd slave.

L Y S I N E.

Filthy idea! shall the odious croud,
 Sots, clowns and tradesmen soil a lady's shroud?
 Shall we! enrich'd with ev'ry art to please,
 Adorn'd on earth, in earth commix with these?

S E N E C I O.

Yes, yes, ye beauteous, ye fair female race,
 Whose words are music, and whose motions grace;
 Whose glancing looks 'midst fond admirers stray,
 Steal the sooth'd sense, and snatch the soul away:
 Though round enamour'd crouds observant sigh,
 Watch the soft smile, and catch the speaking eye;
 Soon, oh! too soon, Death grips the glittering
 form,

From feasting lovers dragg'd, to feed a worm.

Behold yon marbled monumental cave,
 Go learn what tenant rents the tainted grave?
 With poring eyes the faint inscription read,
 And hear how great was once the dust you tread?
 Haply, some time-beguiling wit here sleeps,
 Or miser, buried like his ill-got heaps.
 Perhaps some tender maid, or tinsel peer,
 Alas—"A simple sinless babe lies here."

"Just on the world, the infant op'd its eyes,
 "Then clos'd them quick, and sought his native
 skies."

Millions below, when souls to bodies join,
 Shall wish their lives had been as short as thine.

The bud of infancy; youth's blooming fruit;
 Manhood mature; and age's sapless root;
 Death equal reaps to fill the vacant tomb,
 For life's large field makes but one harvest-home.

Why gilded beams yon ornamented shrine?
 Where gay festoons round fluted columns twine:
 Where the smooth lines, with smoothest praises
 flow,

Dull decorations to the wretch below.

Beneath yon urn, where painted flames arise,
 Blasted in early bloom, a stripling lies.

What now avails the tender parent's care?
 Their pains to tend him, and their skill to rear?

The once gay, prating boy, no more can boast
 Of deep debauch, and fond forsaken toast.

No more his Maker, or his friend defame,
 Or vaunt of sins he only knew to name.

✱ ✱ ✱ ✱ ✱ ✱ ✱ ✱

O come, Lyfine, bow before the Lord,
 And hail th' Almighty's wonder-working word.

Bright emanation of omniscient power!
 Religion! bear me to thy sacred bower;
 Where fix'd in faith, thy holy patience blest'd,
 Calm resignation yields the wretched rest;
 Where hope divine to penitence is given,
 Beams in each breast; and fires the soul to hea-
 ven.

Fill'd with the Godhead's praise, the vot'ry
 sung,

Fill'd with the Godhead's praise the temple rung,
 O'er his rapt mind angelic visions croud,
 Saint-like, his bosom with devotion glow'd:

From his fix'd eyes down dropt the silent tear,
 Strong spoke his passion, and proclaim'd his prayer.

Fix'd with mute wonder, gay Lyfine gaz'd,
 Admir'd the worship and the preacher prais'd;

Bow'd blushing down, by pure religion aw'd,
 Felt the strong impulse, and confess'd the God.
 Her crimson'd cheeks a conscious shame display'd,
 She seiz'd his hand, and thus began the maid.

LYSINE.

Belov'd of heaven! Youth's giddy phrase for-
 give.
 Behold your convert, and her sighs receive.
 Heedless 'till now, of each religious care,
 Unfeeling worship: I but play'd with prayer.
 By caprice govern'd, prejudic'd by thought,
 By fancy prompted, and by fashion taught.
 I rose, I read, I dress'd, I danc'd, I sung,
 Join'd each loud party, where fond frolic sprung,
 From courts to fields, from fields to courts have
 rov'd,

Unknowing why; yet discontented mov'd.
 I liv'd, I loiter'd, wander'd unconfin'd,
 No wish awaken'd my dispassion'd mind.
 No wish alarm'd me, I no joy desir'd,
 But the mean joy—to be by men admir'd.

Senecio thus—Wish of admiring eyes,
 Fair finish'd blessing, love's luxurious prize;
 Though grace, good-nature, strength of reason
 blend,
 Bless the fond beauty, form the tender friend:
 Superior charms, superior sorrows know,
 And to excel, is but the way to woe;
 Mangled by malice, by the weak mistook,
 Flatter'd, betray'd, fool'd, envy'd, and forsook.

Life's but a dream, an after dinner's day,
 An evening's sunshine, seen, but snatch'd away;

Short and uncertain every pleasure's prov'd,
Even life's best bliss, to love, and be lov'd.

Behold yon Gothic pillar gorgeous grac'd,
Full to the sight, the rich-wrought tablets plac'd;
There emblems croud, there sculptur'd angels fly,
Shine in smooth stone, and glare upon the eye:
Vain is this splendor, come with me, and know
What was the gay-tomb'd form, now lost below?

"Here, reader, rests, afford a tender tear,

"If love, if friendship, to thy soul is dear,

"Here rests, what once was love's, was friend-
ship's pride,

"A soul, to every social good ally'd;

"Unwelcome death! sad unexpected guest,

"Snatch'd the fond bridegroom from the nuptial
feast."

Could not the numerous train around the board,
Prevent his entrance, and protect their lord?
Music's soft sounds; or sense-alluring show?
Nor herald's shields ward off th'unerring blow?

Up-born by sorrow's mist, fore-run by fear,
The sin-sprung spectre sails along the air:
Beneath him, every insect pants for breath,
And nature sickens at the shade of Death.

Leash'd in like hounds, diseases round him wait,
He's cloath'd by terror, and he's arm'd by fate.

The insatiate hunter ent'ring glares around,
Marks the gay game, and meditates the wound:
Swift as shot-lightning darting down the skies,
He flings the shaft—the florid victim dies.
Ill-fated youth.

LYSINE.

Alas! the nymph reply'd,
What words can paint the suff'rings of his bride?
Ill-fated youth! Ah more ill fated fair,
Who can the sorrow of her soul declare?
Perhaps that moment she attentive hung,
On the fond phrases of his love-run'd tongue;
Gaz'd on his face, her eyes his ardour prais'd,
And drank delight, enamour'd as she gaz'd;
Hurry'd with rapture, chid the tardy day,
And fondly fancying, sigh'd the guests away.

What is the difference 'twixt our birth and
tomb?
We were not—are—we strengthen—we con-
sume.

From earth to earth—clay-clad—return to clay,
Made but to moulder, born but to decay.

Senecio answer'd thus the tender fair,
Vain is each pleasure, and as vain each care.
'Tis death alone, 'tis death we strive to shun,
To death alone, to death, alas! we run,
Ten thousand deaths arise with every sun.
Ten and ten thousand more attend on these,
Burst in each storm, and breathe in ev'ry breeze.

Let stoics, seeming self-despising train,
With systems load the doubt-bewilder'd brain;
Reluctant nature shrinks to meet the foe,
And knowledge centers in a fear to know.

Behold, half hid, yon peasant stick the spade,
Dismantle coffins, and disjoint the dead;
The crumbling flesh, he tramples to the ground,
Aloft the mould'ring bones, he heaves around.

Yon putrid heap, where crawls the winding
worm,

Perhaps once fill'd a fair-complexion'd form;

Where's now the lip-bespeaking poets praise?

The beaming eye, which dim'd the diamond's
blaze?

Yon tawny mold, perhaps, a breast once bore,

Where the wrapt flatt'ring lover, panting, swore;

Mark'd the fond kiss—extatic ardour prov'd,

And clasp'd—

LYSINE.

Clasp'd what—cou'd this—this dirt be lov'd?

Was this once beauty? — This? — which here I
see?

SENECIO.

ALL THAT IS LEFT—AND WHAT WE ALL
MUST BE.

THE
AMBITIOUS MAN PUNISHED.

PHILEMON lived in the center of a forest, which seemed destined by nature for the asylum of peace and tranquillity. Corroding care, remorse, and anxiety were strangers to his retirement: Ambition alone flattered herself with being one day able to gain admittance.

Philemon, favoured by the gods, offered them pure victims; a lamb or a sheep constantly expressed his gratitude for their bounties. The ground, rendered fertile by his labour, abundantly produced every thing necessary for his support. He never visited the populous cities, but to exchange his fruits for corn to sow his little patrimony.

When he returned, his cottage appeared more lovely than before. Ebony, gold, and ivory, indeed, which adorn the palaces of the great, did not display their splendors in the abode of our philosopher; his own industry had provided his whole furniture, which, tho' homely, was abundantly sufficient to answer all the occasions of nature.

A double inclosure of tufted trees concealed his little mansion from the eyes of the curious traveller. A clear murmuring brook, offered him the constant tribute of its streams, which, by forming various meanders, rendered this happy re-

treat doubly delightful. Philemon sprinkled his flowers with the adjacent water, and drank himself of the same salutiferous stream; and often from a bower, dedicated to the contemplation of nature, surveyed its wandering course.

Thus happily lived Philemon; free from the flattery of deceitful friends, the insinuating caresses of a perfidious mistress, and the artful behaviour of unfaithful servants. His heart was a stranger to passion, nor did he even wish for an increase of his happiness. But at length his reverence for the gods, who had so amply rewarded his devotion, began to abate: Immediately he fancied his life was too serene, and began to complain of his destiny.

Discontent rendered him a burthen to himself; the barrier of virtue which confined his wishes was destroyed, and ambition entered that retreat, which, till then, had been impregnable. Being in possession of this small abode, she summoned all her train of chimerical projects, to attend her at the cottage of Philemon, who was soon too sensible of their cruel effects.

The gods, irritated at his conduct, withdrew from him their favours; the thirst of riches enflamed him; ambition augmented his desires, and even engaged him to beseech the gods to render propitious those projects he had formed himself, without their approbation.

Philemon had for some time neglected offering sacrifices to the gods, but now repeated them with greater fervency than ever: The blood of his chosen flocks now smokes upon their altars.

One day, in the frenzy of his imagination, he prayed the gods to change the little brook, which glided by his cottage, into a river; and his small boat into a ship laden with the treasures of the Indies. A clap of thunder immediately succeeding his prayer, Philemon now thought the happy moment was arrived; but, alas! it was but the prelude to his misfortunes. And ambition, who had inspired him with these chimerical projects, now abandoned him to his own folly.

Immediately the brook began to swell, the torrents tumbled from the adjacent mountains, and, mixing their foaming waters, swept away the lands with their rapid course. The boat suddenly changed into a ship, was lifted up by the waters, and hurried away with the greatest violence. Philemon contemplated, with rapture, the large heaps of treasure in his ship; but could not behold, without regret, the destruction of his dear cottage, where he had lived about twenty years in the greatest tranquillity.

The ship was hurried away, by the foaming torrent, into the pathless ocean. Philemon now began to recover from his phrenzy, and recollecting that he had omitted imploring the gods to conduct his ship into a harbour of safety, endeavoured to atone for that neglect; but it was now too late: The gods who before were his protectors, were now deaf to his cries.

Horror began to invade the breast of Philemon; the mountaneous surges of the ocean threatened destruction; a terrible tempest assaulted the ship,

which, striking against a rock, sunk with all her riches.

Philemon, for some time, supported himself against the boisterous element, which at last threw him on a desert coast; where, after acknowledging he was justly punished for his indiscretion, he expired on the shelly beach.

From this example, we should learn to be contented with the station in which Providence has thought proper to place us; and to let all our wishes be regulated by prudence, lest, with Philemon, we become the victims of our own folly.

Content alone, can all our wrongs redress,

Content, that other name for happiness.

'Tis equal if our fortunes should augment,

And stretch themselves to the same vast extent

With our desires; or those desires abate,

Shrink and contract themselves to fit our state.

THE MONASTERY REIGN OF INNOCENCE.

A PERSIAN TALE.

IN an extensive plain whereon the sun first displays his resplendent beams in Persia, lived Hytaspes and Roxana: who had an only daughter, named Arpasia. As the sublime truths of religion were their great concern, they never failed in their reverence for the Supreme Being, and worship of the great Oromazes, to whom they paid constant adoration. For their piety, blessings were showered down on them, as the dew of heaven, which refreshes the verdant herb, and happiness which knew no end. It was not enough that themselves alone inherited the divine favour; they willed their felicity to descend on their posterity. Full of affection for Arpasia, the only pledge of their mutual love, they were anxious to transmit their happiness to this daughter, and early taught her the regard which she owed to the Deity, and the sacred rites of the great Oromazes, Mythra, and Mythras, whom they worshipped in a consecrated grove at the rising of the sun. This, they wisely thought, would but conciliate their almighty protection.

Arpasia was full of goodness: she attentively heard them recite her birth, and the wonderful

mystery of her existence. Her heart overflowed with the effusions of gratitude to the benign Author of her being.

Day succeeded day, and the virgin was at her orisons, constant as the morning dawn, with her face towards the east. Her prayers were silent, but not in vain. The divine object of her meditation proved her watchful guardian, and secretly conducted her by the inscrutable laws of his providence.

As the place of her father's habitation was rural, but few worshippers resorted to the sacred grove. Among them was a youth, named Aspares; who offered up the spiritual incense of adoration, near the spot Arpasia had selected for herself. Hence it often chanced that they both retreated from the consecrated bower at the same time, and had slight interviews with each other.

The virtue of the daughter of Hystaspes was equalled only by her beauty. The excellence of her mind was rivalled by her external form; and the white robes she wore were an emblem of her innocence. Nature stamped her the model of perfection, and crown of her works.

These enchanting charms could not fail of creating an equal portion of love in the breast of Aspares; who was himself handsome, youthful, and benevolent. His heart was full of tenderness, and his rudest passion love.

Noble natures only are susceptible of generous sentiments. Her lover was warmed with æthereal ardour, which heaven and Arpasia alone could in-

spire. He studiously improved the precious moments of her presence, hoping an equal return of affection.

The beauteous maid was not insensible to tender emotions. These interviews began to wake the latent sparks of passion in her breast, which only needed fanning into flame.

Three moons revolved their orbs, when the Persian youth gained the entire familiarity of her beloved. His repeated offices of kindness at length excited the attention of the virgin, and inclined her to consider the person of him who incessantly strove to please her in every thing. She was imperceptibly induced to view his outward mein and form; and began to conceive a passion for him, the nature of which she was totally ignorant of, till now a stranger to the power of love. The most distant prospect of his presence was to her the parent of delight: he was often with her in person, but never absent in idea.

Such were the natural feelings of her heart. It only remained that she should consult the will of the Deity, as the spring of all her actions. Infinite goodness and sovereign intelligence, she thought would best direct her counsels. Aspaes purposed to have revealed his passion, but she prevented him.

One morning, as she was adoring the Eternal wisdom, and imploring his secret counsel to direct her steps, she uttered the following prayer. "Almighty source of all wisdom, and fountain of knowledge; whose power is infinite, and duration uncircumscribed: thou author of intelligence, and

sovereign of created spirits, deign to look down on thy suppliant, prostrate before thy throne. Accept the incense of adoration, and let it ascend to the dome of heaven, to thy effulgent presence. Assist me with thine omnipotent aid, and endue me with a portion of wisdom: for thou art the Eternal Ruler of immensity. Grant me understanding to know thy will, and instruct me in the immutable laws of rectitude."

A profound and awful silence ensued; during which, she was filled with rapture and extasy: and after a short pause, a tremendous voice uttered the following words: "I am the Almighty Creator of the universe, whom thou invokest; the author of all nature, and supreme Governor of immensity. My retreat is inaccessible. No one can approach me but by my works. Read the book of nature. The characters thereof are all created beings, animal and vegetable. Read therein, and imitate, and I will protect thee."

The voice ceased, and Arpasia recovered from the fervour of her soul, which was increased by the apparent presence of the divinity. She was totally employed in revolving the sacred admonition in her mind. Not able, as yet, to comprehend the celestial oracle, she laid it up in the secret repository of her heart.

In this happy state, time glided away unperceived. Aspaes and Arpasia enjoyed unceasing serenity, the constant attendant on simplicity, and grateful offspring of innocence. They both religiously persisted in their regard for the Deity, and both continued their orisons.

At their wonted retreat from the consecrated bower, after the conclusion of a morning worship, in their way they passed through a delightful garden, adorned with all the gaudy pageantry nature reserved in her exhaustless store. Not a tree, nor flower, was wanting to please the admiring eye of man. In the midst thereof was a fountain of limpid water, whose chrystal stream, gently murmuring, seemed to join in concert with the tuneful birds, forming nature's choir. Alternate sun and shade, enamelled lawns and fanning gales, all concurred to embellish this celestial place, which was an emblem of the blest abodes.

The wearied sun retired to rest before they left this terrestrial paradise. It was with extreme regret Arpasia quitted the lovely scene; where she at once enjoyed the presence of Aspares, and contemplation of the various beauties of the garden. Often would she recal to mind the oracle she had heard in the consecrated grove, and often, obsequious to its injunction, read in the instructive volume of nature's works, incapable, as yet, of making a certain application of what she saw. As night approached, she began to observe the sacred worship of the aerial throng, hymning the Eternal Power that gave them being, and pouring forth the adoration of their evening song. Man, she found, was not the only being that celebrated omnipotence. All creation seemed to join the choral theme; stars that shine, flowers that look gay and smile, and birds that chant their lays.

A spreading beech, in particular, engaged her silent attention; the body whereof was surroun-

ded with woodbine, and on the top two doves, male and female, had fixed their station, echoing soft strains of love. Aspares, standing near her, observed her reverie, waiting to see the event. Suddenly Arpasia started, and cried out, "Praise the wisdom and goodness of Oromazes." She said no more, rapture had stopped her speech; but instantly ran and embraced Aspares. The youth received her with equal eagerness, curious to learn the cause of her transport. He asked the reason why she indulged such absence of thought in viewing that particular spot? To which she replied: "Let us praise and admire the Eternal Father of the universe, who hath deigned to declare his sacred will and purpose. You have seen me constantly adore his perfections in the sacred grove you frequent. I there was wont to pray to the great Oromazes to protect and instruct me. After my prostration before him, and intreaty to hear my humble petition, I was answered by a voice, which no mortal uttered, to consider the works of nature, and thence learn the will of its Author. I would have obeyed, but could never till now understand the command. I beheld the scene before me. On the top of the tree sat two doves, expressing unusual fondness for each other. This, I thought, was celestial harmony, and a lesson to me sent from the realms above. I considered the woodbine embracing the beech, and twining around it; the weaker assisted by the stronger. I was at that instant inspired to fulfil the holy precept I had received, and thus to embrace you, my protector. I was formerly pleased to see you in the grove: I

more and more desire you to be with me, and never to leave me.——Wherefore am I thus pleased?——I have viewed your shape, and find you the same as Hytaspes my father. I cannot pant with rapture in his presence as with you.——What can be the cause of this difference?”

She spoke the language of her heart. Innocence knew no shame. The existence of modesty was founded on guilt, in the reign of the Evil Principal, and unknown to Arpasia. Her cheek yielded not the purple blush.

Her lover burst into extasy of delight, and bedewed her neck with tears of joy. He related to her the concord of the two sexes, and their reciprocal affection. “This, continued he, is the mystery of Love; and these are the blessings of the bountiful Author of creation to those who purely worship him.—I will never forsake you. My heart has fixed its habitation with you, and cannot, without violence, quit its pleasant dwelling.”

The gloomy reign of night succeeding, put an end to this conference. They both retired to their house, and separately related their story. Hytaspes was elated with joy at the declaration of his daughter, and the goodness of Providence. He joined their hands, at sun-rise, in the grove, with the sacred rites of the Persian worship, and completed their felicity. Their mutual love continued uninterrupted. The Eternal Guardian, who watched over them, crowned their fidelity with his noblest gift, children that were images of their own perfections. These, in maturer years, were

taught never to decline from the sacred religion of Nature, conspicuous in every scene. This they were taught, and this obeyed. Rewards always meet the sons of obedience.

Aspares and Arpasia lived to enjoy the most sublime pleasures they were capable of in their mortal state, and finished their course. Nature was their parent, their instructor, and their end. Death approached, and waisted them to the eternal regions of immaterial spirits, there to inherit the supreme beatitude which they enjoy.

T H E

CHARMS OF PRECEDENCE.

A T A L E.

"SIR, will you please to walk before?"

"—No, pray Sir—you are next the door.

"—Upon mine honour, I'll not stir,"—

Sir, I'm at home, consider, Sir——

"Excuse me, Sir, I'll not go first."

Well, if I must be rude, I must——

But yet I wish I could evade it——

'Tis strangely clownish, be persuaded.——

Go forward, cits! go forward, squires!

Nor scruple each what each admires.

Life squares not, friends, with your proceeding;

It flies, while you display your breeding;

Such breeding as one's granam preaches,

Or some old dancing-master teaches.

O for some rude tumultuous fellow,
 Half crazy, or at least, half mellow,
 To come behind you unawares,
 And fairly push you both down stairs!
 But death's at hand—let me advise ye,
 Go forward, friends! or he'll surprise ye.

Besides, how insincere you are!
 Do ye not flatter, lie, forswear,
 And daily cheat, and weekly pray,
 And all for this—to lead the way?

Such is my theme, which means to prove,
 That, tho' we drink, or game, or love,
 As that or this is most in fashion,
 Precedence is our ruling passion.

When college-students take degrees,
 And pay the beadle's endless fees,
 What moves that scientific body,
 But the first cutting at a gawdy
 And whence such shoals, in bare conditions,
 That starve and languish as physicians,
 Content to trudge the streets, and stare at
 The fat apothecary's chariot?
 But that, in Charlot's chamber (see
 Moliere's *medicin malgre lui*)
 The leech, howe'er his fortunes vary,
 Still walks before th'apothecary.

Flavia in vain has wit and charms,
 And all that shines, and all that warms;
 In vain all human race adore her,
 For—Lady Mary ranks before her.

O Celia, gentle Celia! tell us,
 You who are neither vain, nor jealous!

The softest breast, the mildest mein!
 Would you not feel some little spleen,
 Nor bite your lip, nor furl your brow,
 If Florimel, your equal now,
 Should, one day, gain precedence of ye?
 First serv'd——tho' in a dish of coffee?
 Plac'd first, altho' where you are found,
 You gain the eyes of all around?
 Nam'd first, tho' not with half the fame,
 That waits my charming Celia's name?

Hard fortune! barely to inspire
 Our fix'd esteem, and fond desire!
 Barely, where'er you go, to prove
 The source of universal love!
 Yet be content, observing this,
 Honour's the offspring of caprice:
 And worth, howe'er you have pursu'd it,
 Has now no pow'r—but to exclude it.
 You'll find your general reputation
 A kind of supplemental station.

Poor Swift, with all his worth, could ne'er,
 He tells us, hope to rise a peer;
 So, to supply it, wrote for fame:
 And well the wit secur'd his aim.
 A common patriot has a drift,
 Not quite so innocent as Swift:
 In Britain's cause he rants, he labours;
 "He's honest, faith"—have patience, neighbours;
 For patriots may sometimes deceive,
 May beg their friend's reluctant leave,
 To serve them in a higher sphere;
 And drop their virtue, to get there.

As Lucian tells us in his fashion,
 How souls put off each earthly passion,
 Ere on Elysium's flow'ry strand,
 Old Charon suffered 'em to land:
 So ere we meet a court's caresses,
 No doubt our souls must change their dresses;
 And souls there be, who, bound that way,
 Attire themselves ten times a-day.

If then 'tis rank which all men covet,
 And saints alike and sinners love it;
 If place, for which our courtiers throng
 So thick, that few can get along;
 For which such servile toils are seen,
 Who's happier than a king?—a queen.

Howe'er men aim at elevation,
 'Tis properly a female passion:
 Women, and beaux, beyond all measure
 Are charm'd with rank's ecstatic pleasure.

Sir, if your drift I rightly scan,
 You'd hint a beau were not a man:
 Say, women then are fond of places;
 I wave all disputable cases.
 A man perhaps would something linger,
 Were his lov'd rank to cost—a finger;
 Or were an ear or toe the price on't
 He might delib'rate once or twice on't;
 Perhaps ask Gataker's advice on't.
 And many, as their frame grows old,
 Would hardly purchase it with gold.

But women wish precedence ever;
 'Tis their whole life's supreme endeavour;
 It fires their youth with jealous rage,
 And strongly animates their age.

Perhaps they would not sell outright,
 Or maim a limb—that was in fight;
 Yet, on worse terms, they sometimes chuse it;
 Nor, ev'n in punishments refuse it.

Pre-eminence in pain, you cry!
 All fierce and pregnant with reply.
 But lend your patience, and your ear,
 An argument shall make it clear.
 But hold, an argument may fail,
 Besides my title says, a tale.

Where Avon rolls her winding stream,
 Avon, the muse's fav'rite theme!
 Avon, that fills the farmers purses,
 And decks with flow'rs both farms and verses,
 She visits many a fertile vale,—
 Such was the scene of this my tale.
 For 'tis in Ev'sham's vale, or near it,
 That folks with laughter tell and hear it.
 The soil with annual plenty blest'd
 Was by young Corydon possess'd.
 His youth alone I lay before ye,
 As most material to my story:
 For strength and vigour too he had 'em,
 And 'twere not much amiss, to add 'em

Thrice happy lout! whose wide domain
 Now green with grass, now gilt with grain,
 In russet robes of clover deep,
 Or thinly veil'd and white with sheep;
 Now fragrant with the beans perfume,
 Now purpled with the pulse's bloom,
 Might well with bright allusion store me;
 —But happier bards have been before me!

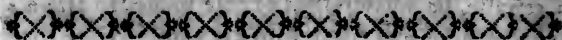
Amongst the various year's increase,
 The stripling own'd a field of pease;
 Which, when at night he ceas'd his labours,
 Were haunted by some female neighbours.
 Each morn discover'd to his sight
 The shameful havock of the night;
 'Traces of this they left behind 'em,
 But no instructions where to find 'em.
 The devil's works are plain and evil,
 But few or none have seen the devil.
 Old Noll, indeed, if we may credit
 The words of Echard, who has said it,
 Contriv'd with Satan how to fool us;
 And bargain'd face to face to rule us;
 But then old Noll was one in ten,
 And fought him more than other men.
 Our shepherd too, with like attention,
 May meet the female fiends we mention.
 He rose one morn at break of day,
 And near the field in ambush lay:
 When lo! a brace of girls appears,
 The third, a matron much in years.
 Smiling amidst the pease, the sinners
 Sat down to cull their future dinners;
 And, caring little who might own 'em,
 Made free as though themselves had sown 'em,
 'Tis worth a sage's observation,
 How love can make a jest of passion.
 Anger had forc'd the swain from bed,
 His early dues to love unpaid!
 And love, a god that keeps a pother,
 And will be paid one time or other,

Now banish'd anger out o'door;
 And claim'd the debt with-held before.
 If anger bid our youth revile,
 Love form'd his features to a smile:
 And knowing well 'twas all grimace,
 To threaten with a smiling face,
 He in few words express'd his mind—
 And none would deem them much unkind.

The am'rous youth, for their offence,
 Demanded instant recompence:
 That recompence from each, which shame
 Forbids a bashful muse to name.
 Yet, more this sentence to discover,
 'Tis what Bett ** grants her lover,
 When he, to make the strumpet willing,
 Has spent his fortune—to a shilling.

Each stood a while, as 'twere suspended,
 And loath to do, what—each intended.
 At length, with soft pathetic sighs,
 The matron, bent with age, replies,
 'Tis vain to strive——justice, I know,
 And our ill stars will have it so—
 But let my tears your wrath assuage,
 And shew some deference for age!
 I from a distant village came,
 Am old, G—— knows, and something lame;
 And if we yield, as yield we must,
 Dispatch my crazy body first.

Our shepherd, like the Phrygian swain,
 When circled round on Ida's plain,
 With goddesses he stood suspended,
 And Pallas's grave speech was ended,
 Own'd what she ask'd might be his duty;
 But paid the compliment to beauty.



M A T I L D A.

MATILDA was married very young to a Neapolitan nobleman of the first quality, and found herself a widow and a mother at the age of fifteen. As she stood one day caressing her infant son in the open window of an apartment, which hung over the river Volturna, the child, with a sudden spring, leaped from her arms into the flood below, and disappeared in a moment. The mother, struck with instant surprise, and making an effort to save him, plunged in after; but, far from being able to assist the infant, she herself with great difficulty escaped to the opposite shore, just when some French soldiers were plundering the country on that side, who immediately made her their prisoner.

As the war was then carried on between the French and Italians with the utmost inhumanity, they were going at once to perpetrate those two extremes, suggested by appetite and cruelty. This base resolution, however, was opposed by a young officer, who, though their retreat required the utmost expedition, placed her behind him, and brought her in safety to his native city. Her beauty at first caught her eye; her merit soon after his heart. They were married; he rose to the highest posts: they lived long together, and were happy. But the felicity of a soldier can never be called permanent: After an interval of several years,

the troops which he commanded having met with a repulse, he was obliged to take shelter in the city, where he had lived with his wife. Here they suffered a siege, and the city at length was taken. Few histories can produce more various instances of cruelty, than those which the French and Italians at that time exercised upon each other. It was resolved by the victors, upon this occasion, to put all the French prisoners to death, but particularly the husband of the unfortunate Matilda, as he was principally instrumental in protracting the siege. These determinations were in general executed almost as soon as resolved upon. The captive soldier was led forth, and the executioner with his sword stood ready; while the spectators in gloomy silence awaited the fatal blow, which was only suspended till the general, who presided as judge, should give the signal. It was in this interval of anguish and expectation, that Matilda came to take her last farewell of her husband and deliverer, deploring her wretched situation, and the cruelty of fate, that had saved her from perishing by a premature death in the river Volturna, to be the spectator of still greater calamities. The general, who was a young man, was struck with surprise at her beauty, and with pity at her distress, but with still stronger emotions, when he heard her mention her former dangers. He was her son, the infant for whom she had encountered so much danger. He acknowledged her at once as his mother, and fell at her feet. The rest may be easily supposed: The captive was set free; and

all the happiness that love, friendship, and duty could confer on each other, were united.

N O B L E I N S T A N C E

OF

HUMANITY.

ABOUT twenty years ago, a nobleman, whose exalted rank (the first of a subject) received a lustre from the virtues of his soul, observed, one morning, as he went up the Bird-cage walk, at St. James's Park, a person, sitting in a pensive posture, on one of the public seats: his hair, that hung as white as silver on his shoulders, shewed his advanced age, and a dignity, in the melancholy that overcast his looks, spoke his acquaintance with happier days.

Complaisance to some company that was with him, prevented his Grace's taking that immediate notice of his person, which the benevolence of his heart suggested; and the thought, that the opportunity might most probably be lost, spoiled the pleasure of his morning's ride, and made him return, much sooner than usual, when he walked back the same way alone, to avoid such an interruption as had prevented his designs, in the morning, should the object of them still be within his reach.

Heaven aided his benign intention: he found

the person in the same place, and posture; and as the society of grief is ever shunned, still alone. His Grace sat down by him; and his advanced age, and the plainness of his dress, for he despised the respect that is paid to a glittering outside, making him unapprehensive of the attention of impertinent curiosity, he had time to contemplate the appearance of the person who sat near him, the whole of which awoke every tender passion of his heart. The gentleman was so wrapped up in his woe, that he did not perceive, that any person sat down near him, nor even answer the first attempts to a conversation, which in the freedom of such places his Grace made. This redoubled the anxious curiosity of his Grace, who persisting till he had awoke his attention, after a few usual, general questions, and observations, told him, with a voice and manner the most tender, and polite, that "he hoped he would not attribute what he was going to say to an impertinent, or insolent curiosity, as it really proceeded from another motive; for having observed him, some hours before, and found him now, in the same pensive appearance, he feared he laboured under some distress of fortune, or mind, to lighten or remove which, he sincerely offered him the best assistance in his power."

The gentleman, who had scarce looked at him before, was so struck, with his words and manner, that he could not forbear fixing his eyes on him earnestly, when with a sigh that seemed to tear the heart it burst from, "Sir, (said he) I thank you for your humane offer, but my distress is beyond

relief."—"Think not so (answered his Grace) no distress is beyond the reach of heaven, which often employs the most unlikely means, to work its will: speak then, Sir, your grief; and trust the rest to providence, that never deserts the virtuous in distress!"—"You will own then, Sir, (returned the gentleman) that mine demands its most speedy interposition, to be effectual, when I tell you, that I have not been under the shelter of a roof, nor tasted bread, for more than eight and forty hours."—"Good heaven (replied his Grace) what do thy creatures suffer!"—"Sir—this is all the money I have about me; take it, dear Sir, and relieve the immediate distress of nature, with that caution your case requires, and your prudence will suggest—No thanks, good Sir; spare yourself and me the unnecessary pain!"—"I will not keep you a moment longer now, from the refreshment you must want so greatly; but if you will meet me here about this time to-morrow, I hope it may be in my power to do you farther service."—"Saying this, he gave him four guineas, and then directly left him; while the gratitude that swelled the honest heart he had relieved, was too big for utterance, and could only shew itself in the tears that rolled in silence down his reverend cheek.

They met, at the appointed time, when the change which rest, refreshment, and hope, had made in the appearance of the gentleman, filled the heart of his benefactor with the sublimest delight. After the tender expressions which the motive of their meeting mutually suggested, the

gentleman thus addressed his Grace, "You yesterday, Sir, when Heaven sent you to my relief, asked the cause of my distress;—You have a right to every instance of obedience from a life, which your interposition only has prolonged!—My story, Sir, in a very few words, is this. I was bred to arms, and in the wars, which have made the memory of the Duke of Marlborough immortal, had the honour to attract his notice, and obtain the command of a company. At the peace, which overturned all his glorious labours, the regiment I belonged to was reduced; when having no interest to procure me any other post, or employment, I retired into Yorkshire, where love, that seldom listens to the dictates of worldly prudence, united me to the daughter of the Curate of the parish in which I lived. To such a couple you may think the favours of fortune were but sparingly dispensed; but frugality kept off actual want; and love made amends for every thing else. The addition to our family, of three fine boys, with which heaven blessed our marriage, made our labour, as well as frugality, necessary to support them. To this we cheerfully submitted: my wife managed every thing within doors, in a manner that made her house a shame to every female in the neighbourhood; while my garden answered my pains, with returns never known there before.

But this felicity was too great to last; a fever robbed me of my wife, and the unattached carelessness, or infidelity of a servant, soon brought me into such distress, that I was forced, though ruin

stared me in the face, to sell my half-pay, to give my children bread: this deferred the immediate stroke of want from them; though apprehension anticipated it, and doubled all its horrors upon me. Just as this resource was exhausted, the present war broke out: my sons were now grown up to man's estate, and (exclusive of the fondness of a father) to such a degree of eminence, in every beauty and perfection of mind and body, as made them worthy of the happiest fortune. Despair suggested it to paternal love, to make one effort for them, by coming up to town, and offering their service to their country. Though I had been so long buried from the world, I did not think, but I should find some of my companions of my youth, the friends of my prosperity, who would assist my hopes. I accordingly put all the money I could spare from the pressing calls of nature (it was about 5*l*.) in my pocket, and without explaining my design to any one, came directly to town: as I expected, I soon found out some of my former acquaintance; but alas, they had quite forgot me: discouraged at this, I made a last effort, and applied to an advertising agent, who took a guinea from me for his advice, and kept my hopes alive to extort more: despair made me the dupe of his designs: I gave him to the last shilling; when he found which, he told me with an air of indifference, that—"he was sorry for my disappointment, but nothing was to be done without money."—All the horrors of my situation now opened upon me! I had not a friend! I had not a penny to buy a morsel of bread; and to beg

I was ashamed; I therefore came into this park two days before my better angel sent you here; with a resolution to submit to my unhappy fate, and perish in silence. This, Sir, is my melancholy story: the stroke, most immediately imminent, you have deferred! What further fate awaits me, Heaven only knows! I am resigned; nor should breathe one repining sigh for myself, could I form the most distant hope for my poor boys—Oh! my children, what will become of you!”

“Fear not (answered his Grace) they will do well: Heaven is ever a friend to virtue! Perhaps I may be able to serve you! I have friends of some distinction in the army: pray what is your name; and what regiment did you serve in? Where is the place of your present abode; and what is the age of your sons?—I ask not this from idle curiosity: Heaven may enable me to be of service to you.”—When the gentleman had satisfied him, in all these particulars, his Grace told him, that, for some reasons, he could not promise to see him again, before that day fortnight, when he should be glad to meet him, in the same place, and hoped that he should then be able to give him a pleasing account of his endeavours to serve him; desiring that he would accept of ten guineas, to supply any occasions he might have in the mean time.”—

The gentleman would have refused the money, insisting that what he had already received, was much more than sufficient, for such a time; but his Grace forced him to accept it, and left him, with a promise of meeting him, at the time appointed.

The benevolence of his Grace was always directed by that prudent caution, which distinguishes the cool resolutions of settled virtue, from the momentary impulses of passion: he therefore, the very next morning, sent a faithful servant to the village, in which the gentleman told him he lived, to make an enquiry into every circumstance he had related, whose answer not only confirmed all he had said; but shewed also, that modesty added a beauty to his other virtues. As soon as he was satisfied of this, he waited upon his royal master, to whom his fidelity and virtues had endeared him as a friend, and told him the whole affair; the goodness of whose own heart was so strongly affected with it, that he instantly granted every request he made in their favour.

The next day, his Grace met the gentleman, as he had appointed, and, after a little general chat, told him, he was going to take the air, and should be glad of his company: the gentleman readily attended his proposal, and though the ducal coronet upon the chariot, when he came to the Green-Park gate, threw him into a momentary confusion, he soon recovered himself, and shewed that he was not at a loss, in the most exalted company. While they were in the chariot, his Grace, to dissipate the distress he knew he must be in, gave his conversation a most agreeable, general turn, without ever mentioning the motive of their meeting, and when it stopped at the door of his palace invited him to dinner, with the most winning affability.

As they were alone, his Grace, not to keep the

gentleman any longer in suspense, told him, that if he would walk with him into his closet, he had something to say, that he hoped would give him pleasure: as soon as they came there, "My friend (said he) I have enquired into the account which you gave me of yourself, and have had the pleasure to find the whole consistent with the noble character of a soldier: I did not this, from a particular distrust in you, but as the service I meant to do you, was to come from a superior power, I dared not even run the remotest hazard of being instrumental in deceiving him; whose royal benevolence has given me the happiness of dispensing his favour to you. Here, Sir, is a commission for a majority of Invalids for yourself: the blood you have shed in the service of your country, in your youth, justly entitles you to this return, to make the evening of so turbulent a life happy. And here is a commission for a pair of colours for each of your sons, who may hope for the highest honours in the army, if they imitate the virtues of their father. This is the reward of royal bounty: and now, Sir, permit me to offer you this (giving him a bank note for 200l.) from myself, to supply your immediate necessities, and enable you to take possession of your different places, in a proper light: I know the impression of first appearances; and I must not be refused."—"Oh, Sir! this is too much! O spare me—Save me."—With these words his honest heart sunk under the weight of his gratitude; and he fainted at his benefactor's feet.

As soon as he was recovered, and a flood of

tears had eased the fulness of his heart——“ Oh, Sir, (said he) how shall I live under so much obligation, the sense of which my gratitude will double every moment of my life: but I do not repine! It is necessary, in the wise dispensation of providence, that there should be objects for the exercise of heavenly virtue! May that heaven, that inspired, that only can, reward yours, and improve the foretaste of its most exalted happiness, which you must this moment enjoy, into that fulness hereafter, that can never fail: all that I can say is, that mine, or my sons actions, will never do dishonour to your patronage, or make you sorry for having raised us from despair.”—

His prophetic hopes were fulfilled: for the remainder of his life, he enjoyed the entire friendship of his patron; who had the pleasure to see his sons advance regularly in the paths of true honour, towards that rank and glory, which are the just rewards of military virtue.





H I S T O R Y

O F

FLORIO AND MONIMIA.

I AM at this instant one of the unhappiest men in the world. Read my story with attention, and pity me. I deserve your compassion, because I am a sincere penitent.

When I entered into the fourteenth year of my age, my father died, and left me wholly to the management of my mother, whose mistaken fondness for me laid a foundation for the disquietudes I now feel. She took me immediately from a reputable and well-conducted school, at which my father had placed me five years before his death, and instead of encouraging me to prosecute those studies, in which I had made a considerable progress, only contrived how to humour and divert me. As I had not a very robust constitution, she imagined that my eyes might be hurt by poring over books, and that a close application to them would throw me into a consumption. "Let those study, said she, who want to make their fortunes: you have no occasion to trouble yourself about musty volumes."—By this means my mind was uncultivated; but nothing was neglected that could give me the external accomplishments of a gentleman. Dancing-masters, fencing-masters,

and music-masters continually attended me, and the taylor, the periwig-maker and milliner were very frequently consulted about my education. My whole employment was to pay visits with my mamma, and to go with her to plays, operas, masquerades and assemblies.

Near our country-seat lived a gentleman, blest with an easy fortune, and one child, the beautiful Monimia, who was deservedly the darling of his heart, for she possessed every qualification that can render a woman lovely. Her mother died the summer I was nineteen, and as our family were just then come to — Hall, they invited her to spend a few months there, in order to mitigate her grief, whilst her father was obliged to be in London about some affairs of consequence. As there had been a long intimacy between the two families, Mr. — left his daughter with great satisfaction, and she herself was well pleased to stay with us. I had not seen her a year before this invitation; and could not help thinking her exquisitely charming. She was not quite sixteen, but for wit and beauty, “beggared all description.” Her sable dress, together with an unaffected melancholy for the loss of a valuable parent, served only to heighten her charms, and to inspire at once both love and pity. A month, however, glided away, before I presumed to speak to her on the subject of love, and even then I disclosed my passion with great hesitation. She was not less confused, but told me with blushing cheeks and faltering accents, that she must not think of love so soon. This favourable answer transported me

so much, that I took every opportunity to convince her of the ardor and sincerity of my passion. She listened to me eagerly, and soon gave me leave to ask her father's consent at his return. Till that could be obtained, we agreed to keep matters as private as possible. The old gentleman's affairs detained him longer than he thought they would, and we went on in this way near four months, infinitely happy in each other's company, till one Sunday in the afternoon a letter came to let her know, that her father would be at his own house on the Thursday following, and that he expected to find her there. This intelligence alarmed us, and made us contrive what course to steer on so critical an occasion, for my mother began to grow suspicious, and we were afraid she would, for some private reasons, prevent the match.

During the warm weather we had our interviews in the garden, after the family were asleep, almost every night: but when the evenings grew wet and cold, I gained her permission to come softly to her chamber: a scheme that was very practicable, because it was not far from my own, and because nobody lay in it, but her own servant, who was her bedfellow, and entirely in my interest. At one of these midnight meetings, I received from her so many proofs of her affection and esteem, that I beheld her with unusual ecstasy, with rapture inexpressible. I seized the dear, innocent, sweetly blushing creature in my arms, and bore her struggling to the bed—she thrust me from her with a resolute air, and, rising in confusion, asked me what I meant.—I could not make

a reply, but re-attempted to pull her down on the bed-side by me. She started again from me with a vigorous spring, and thus, with swimming eyes, accosted me:—"For heaven's sake, Sir, leave me this moment—leave me to myself, I conjure you—I am too well convinced you do not love me: for if you did, you would not seek my ruin—" I was roused by this keen reproach, flung myself at her feet, and implored her in the humblest posture, to forgive my presumption, which was occasioned by excess of love. I told her also that a union of hearts made a marriage, and not merely the outward ceremony: and that she was as fully mine in the sight of the Creator, as if an archbishop had performed the office. At the close of this speech, I kissed her hand, intreated her to kneel down by me, pulled out of my pocket a common-prayer book, and read the matrimonial service. She repeated her part after me, and we both swore in the most solemn manner to confirm our vows before the world in a month at farthest.—When this was done, I put out the light, and partly by perswasion, partly by force, spent the remainder of the night in her embraces. The night following, our happiness was repeated; and on the succeeding morning I waited on her to her father's house, in order to prepare things for his reception, and left her there. We frequently schemed private meetings, however, at every one of which, she pressed me to talk with her father: but I told her so often, I had particular reasons for delaying the performance of her

request, that she began to find the true cause was the abatement of my affection.

The month limited for our public marriage rolled away, unnoticed by me, for my desires had been gratified. Monimia seemed less charming every day I saw her, and in a short time I even thought her disagreeable. I visited her but seldom, and constantly made excuses about meeting her, when she sent to desire my company. I could not bear the reproaches she loaded me with—they stabbed me to the heart, because I felt the justness of them. When she found herself with child, she sent the following letter to me.

Dear, though perjured Florio,

The crime I have committed is its own punishment, and must soon expose me to public shame, unless you will save me from it by the performance of your vows. I find myself with child, and now once more call upon you, in the name of that Almighty Being, by whom you swore, to make me your lawful wife.—I will not mention love (for that you seem to have forgot, though you so often vowed your passion should never decay) but if you have any regard for truth, if you have any honour, if you have any hopes of heaven or fears of hell, pity, O pity a wretch you have yourself undone: save me, O save me from the agonies of a disordered mind.—I expect an answer by the bearer, to fix the destiny of the

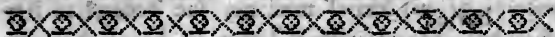
Unfortunate Monimia.

This letter was brought to me by her servant; I read it carelessly, put it into my pocket, and told him that it required no answer. The first news I heard the next day was her death. After the receipt of my cruel message, she retired to her chamber, wrote a long letter to her father, in which she related the fatal history of our amours, and composed herself, with a dose of laudanum, for an eternal sleep.

I cannot describe the sensations I felt when I heard this news, with all these affecting circumstances. I was chilled with horror; my guilt stared me in the face. I flew immediately to her father's, and would not be kept from her: I embraced the clay-cold corps, bedewed it with my tears, and called down from heaven the most dreadful vengeance on my accursed head. I behaved, in short, so like a man bereaved of his senses, that her father pitied me, and sent me home in his coach with some of his servants to take care of me. A fever followed, which confined me several months to my bed, during which, the poor old gentleman's grey hairs were brought with sorrow to the grave.

As for my own part, life is thoroughly burdensome to me, yet I cannot bear the thoughts of death. Reflection stabs me to the soul.—O how shall I dare to meet the much abused Monimia, her most unfortunate father, and her unborn infant, all murdered by my hand, before the tribunal of the omnipotent Judge, whom I invoked with the greatest solemnity and fervor as a witness to my protestations, and from whom I have no rea-

son to expect a merciful sentence. How dreadful is my condition here, and what must be my lot hereafter!



T H E

S E R V A N T.

M O R A L P A S T O R A L.

L O B B I N. P E R I G O T.

L O B B I N.

AH Perigot, my lad,—why stand you here?
Thus leaning on your crook, and full of
care.

Come doff your doublet, take your best array,
Make haste, and share the pastime of the day.

P E R I G O T.

See, Lobbin, what a numerous flock I keep;
And see, how much the flies torment the sheep:
'They gad about so much, that Tray and I
Have work enough all day to keep them nigh:
And almost every minute, as you view,—
Look there,—a plague on that old black-faced
ewe,

She always leads them wrong:—hark—fetch 'em,
Tray:

I cannot keep them from the wheat away,

Oh that the time of harvest were but come,
Then might I sit at ease, and see them roam!

LOBBIN.

Phoh! Shepherd, never mind, they do no
harm;
Or corn or grafs, 'tis all your master's farm.
What matters which they eat—or how they're
fed?

Come, come, let's hasten to Duke William's
head:

Besides the hat at nine-pins, all who choose
May run in sacks, boy—for a pair of shoes,
New, neat's-skin, and well nail'd,—but, better
still,

Our Surry Dick has challeng'd Kentish Will
To try a bout at single stick, they say;
Then, Perigot,—what lad would be away?

PERIGOT.

That lad am I: for tho'—as you can tell
At nine-pins few could Perigot excel;
Tho' well I lov'd our village sports to share,
The first in merriment, at wake or fair;
My duty, Lobbin, now I better know,
Than to forsake my charge, and idling go
At every call, without my master's leave,
Wasting the moments I can ne'er retrieve;
And bringing home at night—the spendthrift's
part,

A muddled head, and discontented heart.

LOBBIN.

Rare maxims truly! and where got you these?
Preach to your sheep, my boy, and talk to trees!

Our shepherd lads will only laugh to hear
 —A master's interests to our sports prefer!—
 That will not, Lobbin, ever: for I trow
 They to our sports such preference will not
 shew.

Then be they pleas'd or not, I'll have my day:
 For if one will not do, another may.

PERIGOT.

Rare maxims too! but know an honest swain
 Hears and rejects such maxims with disdain
 Remember, lad, a saying of our own,
 "No moss is gather'd by a rolling stone."
 So once you told me with a piteous face,
 When, wand'ring up and down from place to
 place,
 Your purse was empty, and your cloaths were
 naught,
 And your vain heart was humble, as it ought.
 Now, since at Argol's board you live so well,
 Your naughty heart again begins to swell.
 But, swain, be careful, or too soon you'll find,
 You sow the billows, and will reap the wind!

LOBBIN.

Something I reap—for on my back I bear
 Cloaths full as good as thou didst ever wear:
 My hat's as fine, my stockings are not worse,
 And here, here's money, graybeard, in this
 purse!
 So cease your saws:—To-day's delights I'll
 share;
 The doubtful morrow for itself may care!

PERIGOT.

Ah silly swain,—and to the future blind,
Sure some black demon has possess'd your mind!
For grant—though Lobbin, I have doubts and
fears,——

Your honest hire in that same purse appears:
Yet what you boast is all that you possess;
And how you long to make that little less!
But think, my friend, from service if dismiss'd,
Where will you live, and how will you subsist?
Will the old landlord at yon same Duke's head,
Who courts your money now, then give you
bread?

No, no, be sure, he'll turn you from his door,
When once he finds you penniless and poor.
Or, if by sickness to your bed confin'd,
What secret anguish will oppress your mind,
To view no hospitable master nigh,
No gentle mistress with a pitying eye,
Anxious their good domestic to restore,
Repaying thus each service o'er and o'er.
Oh pleasing state!—how different thine, to moan
Sick, faint, and poor, neglected and alone.

LOBBIN.

No fancy'd ills, impossible and vain,
Disturb my peace, or give a moment's pain:
We shall catch larks, my lad, when fall the skies;
So save your breath, nor be so wondrous wise:
For, think not, friend, to teach ME what to do;
I can both read and write as well as you.

PBRIGOT.

So much the worse;—the pow'r without the
will

But makes your guilt and folly greater still:
For read you ne'er so well, you never look,
I know it, Lobbin, in that HOLY BOOK,
Which brings such blessed tidings to our ears,
So warms our hopes, and dissipates our fears!
Where we are taught, that, provident o'er all,
Rules the dread Sov'reign of the subject ball,
A general father; whose impartial care
Alike the master and the servant share:
Their lots, though different here, the same their
fate

In the high mansions of a future state;
If firm fidelity they learn to show
In all the duties of their place below.

Chear'd by this thought, no labours seem se-
vere

Thro' the long watchings of the toilsome year:
Led by this hope, I live, with constant eye
To Him my mighty master in the sky:
And humbly still endeavour to approve
By faithfulness on earth, my heav'nly love.

Thus pass I, like a pilgrim, on my way,
Hoping for better things some future day:
Like those blest shepherds who in tents abode,
Strangers on earth, but denizens with God;
Who now rejoice, their faith's high end attain'd,
With him, who not the shepherds name disdain'd,
Him, who his chosen flock not only fed,
But for that flock,——oh gracious shepherd——
bled!

LOBBIN.

Why Perigot, my lad, thy flock forsake,
And like the cobbler Dick, to preaching take;
Get a joint-stool, like his: thou'lt drive a trade,
Nor him alone, but thou wilt much exceed
The bawling parson, who, the other day
So long on our windmill did sing and preach and
pray!

There thou hast learnt this gravity, I trow,
And rather after him would'st, groaning, go,
Than share the pastimes at the house below.

PERIGOT.

Spare your vain jibes, for, shepherd, be it
known,

I gad not after preachers up and down:
Nor time have I, nor need—content to hear,
Two sermons every Sabbath through the year:
And our good vicar—but why tell it thee,
Who'd'st rather sleep, than at a sermon be?
—Well, well, laugh on:—but they who win
should jest;

And sure I am, that Perigot is blest
Far beyond Lobbin in his present state.

In future hopes the difference how great!

—My master's love by confidence is shown,
And all his interests thus become my own:

One of his household, his delights I share;
And feel his pleasure, as I feel his care.

Dear are his children; dearer still they prove,
As I experience their unartful love:

And dearer yet they grow, when pleas'd I find
Their gentle mother to my wants so kind.

Connected thus, I act a social part,
 And live a life quite suited to my heart!
 No solitary elf,—and here I trust
 At length to mingle with my native dust:
 Rejoic'd if, like Petruchio *, who of late
 In his good master's house resign'd to fate,
 I too—thrice happy—should my master have,
 With all his family attend my grave;
 Smiting their breasts, and saying, with a tear,
 “ A good and faithful servant resteth here.”
 This be my praise; and for this praise I'll live:
 Your pastimes, Lobbin, no such joys can give.

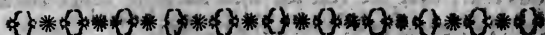
LOBBIN.

Why, Perigot, 'tis truth: you touch my heart;
 Shepherd, indeed you chuse the better part;
 I'll think to-morrow well of what you say—
 But can't forgo—the pleasures of to-day!

Thus, with a laugh, the dolt departing cry'd;
 While the good shepherd shook his head, and
 sigh'd!

* See the *Reflections on Death*. Chap. xvi.





THE
H I S T O R Y
OF
LIONEL AND SYLVIA.

A Young gentleman, named Lionel, had a very passionate affection for Sylvia, a young lady of great accomplishments, beauty, and a good fortune.

He made his addresses to her on the most honourable terms. She received him very favourably; and, after some time was allowed for a decent courtship, and the inspiring her with an equal passion, they appointed a day for the consummation of their loves.

But while the preparations were making for the solemnity, a whim came into the head of Lionel, that he was not beloved by Sylvia so well as he could wish, and that he owed her consent to this match more to his own importunity than her inclinations.

He was so very delicate in his passion, that he could not bear to be indebted for his happiness to a less motive than an adequate tenderness and mutual desire.

Sylvia's modesty of behaviour confirmed his jea-

lous fear, that she felt for him nothing more than a cold esteem, or at best a friendship.

Because her virgin bashfulness obliged her to conceal those thrilling wishes, those palpitations of an amorous inclination, he believed her insensible of any.

Like a miser, he pined amidst a scene of plenty, and rendered himself incapable of enjoying the treasure he was so ambitious to obtain.

Extremely discontented in his mind he at length resolved to make trial of her love; and the means he invented to do it, was to put off the marriage on that very day in which they had concluded to have it celebrated.

He made no manner of excuse to her for behaving in this manner; or, at least took care it should be such a one, as no woman could approve of from the man she loved.

The reason of his acting thus was to see in what manner she would resent it; (which, if she did not in the most outrageous degree, he could then be convinced of her insensibility;) imagining, and indeed not without reason, that a real and ardent passion, when treated with contempt, turns to the severest indignation.

His desire was that she would draw his own sword, and attempt to run him through the heart; and sincerely prayed, that he might see her guilty of some wild effect of despair; the more extravagant it was, the more he should be convinced that he met with a reciprocal return of affection.

The day appointed for the celebration of the nuptials at last arrived. Early in the morning did

Lionel repair to visit his beloved Sylvia; and, finding her surrounded with her mantua-maker, milliner, and other persons, who were to adorn her for the wedding, he called her aside, and related to her the story he had invented for breaking off, at least for some time.

It would be a task too great for me to attempt to relate the agonies she felt while he was talking to her; all words would come far short of the reality, and but injure her mighty sufferings; therefore I shall only say, that they as much surpassed her own power of utterance, as they do my description.

Sylvia made but very little reply; and when Lionel took his leave, she made no attempt to persuade him to stay, or to do any deed of desperation: but this was so far from being occasioned by a careless indifference, or want of tenderness, that it was entirely the reverse; which, joining with amazement, overwhelmed her soul, and rendered her incapable either to revile or to complain.

Immediately after his departure she fell into a swoon, from which she was not but with great difficulty recovered; but as soon as the power of thought returned, and reflection began to resume its sway in her disordered brain, she concealed her uneasiness, as much as possible, from the observation of those who were about her; and dismissing them with an order to come again another time, retired to her closet, and began to consider what would best become her to do in such a circumstance.

That decent pride, and regard of reputation, which all women of honour ought to be possessed of, told her it would be an indignity to herself to let him know the secret of her grief.

She thought it mean-spirited to express herself in any terms, which should make him think she could not live without him: but her surprize having prevented her from hearing some part of what he said to her, and desirous of a farther explanation, she took pen and paper, and wrote to him as follows:

To the ungrateful LIONEL.

“ WHEN I granted your request by consent-
 “ ing to be yours, I flattered myself with an opi-
 “ nion, that of the two you thought yourself the
 “ most happy; and as my gratitude for your feign-
 “ ed passion was the greatest motive that induced
 “ me to make you that promise, my friendship
 “ for you makes me very easy in your absolving
 “ me of it. I would have those whom I wish well
 “ please themselves in every thing; and am so far
 “ from resenting your behaviour in this point,
 “ that I sincerely wish you may be able to answer
 “ it to yourself; and desire you will send me an
 “ account in writing of those reasons which have
 “ obliged you to alter your intentions.—Doubt-
 “ less they are such as are consistent with reason;
 “ and if so, I shall be one of the first to approve
 “ of them.—I confess, I wish you had been
 “ able to have judged of your own inclinations
 “ before this day; not only because our proceed-

“ing so far has given me some trouble, which
 “I might have avoided; but also that I fear you
 “will find it difficult, after what has passed be-
 “tween us, to make the world believe you are
 “the man of honour you appeared to be. If you
 “yet retain any desire of obliging me, you must
 “express it by sending an answer immediately to
 “the abandoned

“SYLVIA.”

It is impossible to express the agonies of mind with which she suppressed the struggling passions enough to enable her to write to him in this cool and temperate manner; but that which was the effect of her discretion, he looked upon as occasioned by want of tenderness.

Thus every thing contributing to feed that unaccountable chimera which had taken possession of his brain, he now believed himself fully assured, that as convenience alone had obliged her to consent to marry him, so pride alone had influenced her not to feel any uneasiness at the breaking it off; and as he really loved her to the greatest excess that a heart is capable of, he endured more than there is a possibility even of conceiving without having first felt the same torture.

He read her letter over and over; but the oftener he read it, the more he thought himself convinced that his conjectures had but too certain a foundation; and when he came to that part of the letter, where she tells him that gratitude was the principal inducement to engage her to marry him, “Yes (cried he to himself) I at first imagined it

“to be no otherwise, but I am now assured it was
 “even less than that.

“Gratitude, in time, (continued he) may ripen into love and friendship, as Sylvia calls it; when ill rewarded, will turn to hatred and detestation.

“If either of these tender motions had ever had possession of her heart, she could not, with such an air of tranquillity, have born such an affront as I have offered.

“True love is nice, tenacious of its prerogative, jealous of every thing, and even at the appearance of slight, converts itself into rage and fury.——The softest tempers become all fury, when tenderness abused provokes to vengeance;—but the beautiful Sylvia is quite calm, and looks and writes with usual mildness; nor does she feel one grain of all that mighty load of anguish, which presses down the poor disconsolate Lionel.”

In this wild manner did the distraction of his mind compel him to rave. At length taking up the letter again,——“She requires an answer, (said he) and an answer she shall have; but it shall be such a one as will alarm her pride.

“Though her passion is of a tame, enduring nature, mine is not: my rejected love, and my defeated hopes, cry for revenge.

“At least she shall share some part of the agonies she inflicts! If personal reflections cannot move her, she is no woman!——I am determined to wound her in the tenderest part, her vanity.”

In this silly humour did he sit down to write to her; and following only the dictates of his mistaken rage, expressed it in the following scandalous manner:

To the vain affected SYLVIA.

“THE wonderful pains you take to attract
 “ the devoirs of mankind in general, had that
 “ effect on me, amongst the rest, to create a cu-
 “ riosity of knowing how women of your humour
 “ behave on a nearer conversation.— Indeed,
 “ Madam, it must be a face infinitely more be-
 “ holden to nature than yours, which would en-
 “ gage me in a serious passion; nor do I believe
 “ I should think the most beautiful worthy so dear
 “ a price as liberty.— I assure you, I never had
 “ the least thought of marrying you; but because
 “ I saw you put on an air as if you expected it,
 “ I was willing to humour it for a time, for a little
 “ amusement and diversion: but the jest begin-
 “ ning to grow stale, and having some other af-
 “ fairs in my hands of much greater consequence,
 “ I came this morning to undeceive you; but, as
 “ what I then said to you is not sufficient to abate
 “ that invincible vanity of yours, and you yet de-
 “ sire a further reason for my behaving as I did,
 “ I give it you now in full, and desire you will
 “ think no more of

“ Yours, &c.

“ LIONEL.”

If you know any thing of the disposition of the fair sex, you need not be informed, that such an epistle as this is enough to fire the mildest of them with the utmost extravagance of rage.

Sylvia was certainly a lady of merit, and had as little share of that vanity of which he accused her, as any of her sex; but yet she could not suffer herself to be affronted in such rude and scandalous terms, without resenting it in the most violent manner.

To be ill-treated and abused by the man she loved above her life, was not only terrible to be born, but, as it came from a man who had the character of the strictest honour, and to whom she had never given the least occasion for the reproaches he made her, appeared so amazing and confounding, that she could hardly believe her senses.

Convinced, however, by reflection, of the reality of it, she began to consider him as either mad, or unworthy of the esteem with which she had regarded him; and surprize and grief giving way to rage, when she was in the highest pitch of it that mortal can be, she was visited by a gentleman who had long loved her, who, being informed that her marriage with Lionel was put off, took that opportunity, hoping it might be a favourable one, to renew his addresses; and, indeed, it proved far beyond his expectation; for, being stung to the soul for the extreme ill usage of the man she loved, despairing of retrieving him, and resolving not to attempt it; therefore, to put it wholly out of her power so to do, and to convince

him that she was not destitute of a lover more faithful than himself, she not only listened with more attention, than she had ever done before, to the declarations of this other gentleman, but she also promised him marriage.

The transport he was in, at a success so much above his expectations, was proportionable to the passion he then had for her, and, fearing a second alteration in her humour less to his advantage than this had been, he pressed her for the performance of her promise that very minute.

The same reasons which had induced her to make the promise, joined with his entreaties to prevail on her to confirm it; and she was, indeed, a bride the evening of that very day she intended to be so, though of a different man.

The new-wedded pair had scarce received a good-morrow from any of their friends, before Lionel, to whom this heart-breaking news was immediately reported, flew to the house, distracted with extremity of despair, to know the certainty of that ill fate, which his own folly and caprice had drawn upon himself; which when he had learned from the mouth of the bride-groom himself, (for Sylvia refused to see him) he immediately fell into agonies, which excited the compassion of all who saw him.

In his distracted ravings, he let some expressions fall, which betrayed the cause of his misfortunes, and made the adorable Sylvia the most unhappy woman in the world, in having thus rashly put it out of her power to reward a passion so sin-

cere, so ardently tender, as that which even his very rudeness now discovered.

The servants of Lionel were obliged to put him by force into his chair; and carry him from the house of Sylvia; the sight of every thing in it, and above all, the presence of him who was now become the master of it, encreasing the misery of his condition.

But, alas! they quickly found the change of place made no alteration in his behaviour; they soon perceived it was not a sudden start of passion, but a settled frenzy, which had seized him, which was not in the power of the most skilful physician to remove, and which, in a very short time, deprived him of that life which was become insupportable.

Some short time before the soul had taken its final leave of the body, the great Author of our being was pleased to restore him the use of his reason, which he employed in writing to Sylvia an account of the first rise and occasion of that folly which had been so fatal to them both; and then, as if he had no further business either with life or reason, he relapsed into his former disorders, and presently expired.

The epistle he had written to Sylvia, with a narrative of his sufferings, being brought to her, served only to give an additional disquiet to that afflicted young lady, who was already pressed with more than she had courage to sustain.

The gentleman who was her husband, being convinced that she had married him but in malice to Lionel, soon grew cool in his affections to her,

and, in a short time, unkind and cruel; which, joined to her own secret remorse and grief for the misfortunes and death of her adored Lionel, threw her, at length, into a severe illness, which also deprived her of a miserable life.



PRINCESSULMANI;

AN

INDIAN STORY.

BEFORE those mighty empires of the Moguls, the Persians and the Turks were founded, almost all Asia obeyed the caliphs, successors of Mahomet. The particular sovereigns of most of the states in that vast part of the world, were only governors, or hereditary vice-roys, whom the Mahometan sovereign pontiff might chastise, and even depose, according to his caprice.

Molabar, issued from the ancient Bassorite kings, reigned at Bassora, under the caliphate of Haroun Aralchid. The magnificent presents he sent every year to Bagdad, where the caliph kept his court, maintained him on his throne; and he thought himself happy in his condition. So little refined was he in his notions of happiness, as to think it concerned not his own felicity, whether his subjects were happy or miserable under his government. Molabar was neither of a mischievous, nor an easy temper; suspended between vir-

tue and vice, equally indifferent about good and evil, indolent in doing both, he was no farther odious to his people, than as he took no pains to gain their love. At last death delivered the Bassorites from this undefinable prince. The scepter would have fallen to his son, yet a minor, had not the Bassorites, from a prejudice that children generally resemble their parents, imagined that the reign of Sulmani would be only the second part of Molabar's government: Therefore, in order to avoid such a misfortune, they sent deputies to Bagdad, and desired the caliph to put the scepter of Bassora into abler hands.

Haroun, equally captivated by the unnatural pleasure of dispossessing a sovereign, and the rich presents with which this act of authority was purchased, appointed the Bassorites another prince, and ordered Sulmani to repair to his court, where he gave him an education suitable to the rank to which he was born. Under able tutors the young prince made a great progress in the sciences, and in virtue. Being informed of the cause of his degradation, he deplored the misfortune of his father, without regretting the high station from which he had caused him to fall; and, resolving never to expose his posterity to the like disgraces, he took for his models such heroes as had signalized themselves by their courage and activity. His sage tutors laid the foundations of heroism in his heart; they shewed him the road that leads to it; they set before him the difficulties he must surmount, and taught him the means to effect it happily and gloriously. In fine, he

came out of their hands more than a demi-hero. His noble heart could not brook to remain a subject, and almost a slave to a man to whom he was equal by birth. But, being incapable of recovering the scepter he had been robbed of, he contented himself with removing, for ever, from a court where every thing reminded him of his loss. The caliph, who had some affection for him, granted him the permission he demanded to travel, and gave orders for providing him an equipage worthy of one of his children. Sulmani aspired at heroism, and would take none but the fairest road to it: He wished that nothing but his actions might raise him to it; whatever might expose him to adulation, was odious to his sight; therefore he refused the numerous retinue that was designed for him. One fine morning, before sun-rise, he gave his domestics the slip, and mounting his best horse, departed alone from Bagdad.

The young prince travelled through many countries, saw many cities and courts, before he could think of fixing himself. At last, coming to Golconda, in Indostan, he imagined he had found a residence worthy of him. The king of this rich state was then at war with the sovereign of Surat. Sulmani enquired into the nature of the quarrel between the two monarchs, and finding the prince, in whose territories he was, to have the right side of the question, he went to offer him his sword. Adamas then reigned in Golconda; he was not a hero, but he might pass for a great king. Possessing political and military ta-

lents in the highest degree, he had been an accomplished prince, if, in the use he made of both, he had not consulted his inclination, and the promoting of his own grandeur, oftener than the advantage of his kingdom, and the felicity of his people. Having a perfect knowledge of mankind, he perceived, when Sulmani was introduced, that a young hero was come to offer his service to him: he loaded him with caresses, gave him a considerable post in the army; and discovering daily some talents in him, which he had overlooked, he soon loved him as if he had been his own son. It would be too tedious to mention every thing that Sulmani did to prove himself worthy of the king's favour and benevolence. In war he came up to the models he had proposed to imitate; and his conduct and bravery having obliged the king of Surat to accept of peace, he returned to Golconda, where he appeared to the court and the people a hero as amiable as the enemy had found him terrible.

While Sulmani was admired for his integrity, generosity, affability, and his other virtues, Adamas was thinking of attaching to his subjects a prince so capable of promoting their happiness. His continual labours, both in the cabinet and the field, had altered his constitution and ruined his health. He had long felt his strength declining; but through vanity, which is very excusable in a great monarch, he had concealed and slighted his diseases, that he might not seem to be so near sinking under them; though this only served to hasten his death. His son being an infant,

his minority gave him a great deal of uneasiness. He foresaw, that all the grandees having pretensions to the regency, each of them would form a party, and have recourse to arms to obtain it. The calamities of a civil war occurred to his imagination in the most horrid forms: He thought he saw his neighbours taking advantage of his death, in order to repair the losses and defeats they had suffered in their wars with him; and that kingdom, which he had aggrandized at the expence of his own tranquillity and that of his people, and often against equity, he considered as rent in pieces by domestic factions, and attacked by foreign enemies.

In order to obviate, if possible, such great evils, Adamas resolved to make the regency fall to Sulmani. His extraction was well known, and he was beloved by the Golcondians. In spite of ambition, and our reluctance to make a just estimate of ourselves, the grandees of the kingdom revered his merit; and not being ashamed of acknowledging him superior to them, they beheld his elevation without envy. Adamas prepared them to confer the regency on him, by making him his son-in-law preferably to any of them. When the solemnity of the nuptials was over, he convoked the peers, and, presenting the prince to them, he declared him regent, exposing and enforcing the motives that should induce them to subscribe to his choice. Every one of the grandees was apprehensive that this supreme dignity might be conferred on some enemy of his; and every one was sure of having a share in Sulmani's

friendship: Thus being as much animated by their private interest, as they were restrained by their respect for the king, they unanimously proclaimed the regent. The act was drawn up; and Adamas having ordered it to be registered and published, he disposed himself with resignation for the hour that was to send him to sleep with his fathers.

The king's disease soon appeared desperate; every hour discovered a decrease of the vital faculties. Being sensible of the approach of death, he sent for the prince, in order to give him his final instructions.

"Sulmani, said he, I commit to your care my kingdom and my son. I hope you will not fall short of the opinion I have entertained of you. Hitherto my people have found you a hero: But, dear Sulmani, watch over futurity: He that does not advance, loses ground: Encrease more and more."——

Adamas could utter no more. The thoughts of having secured his dominions and his son from disasters and disgraces, which he had long imagined to be inevitable, brought his distemper to a crisis: Nature exhausted, failed on a sudden, and he expired.

Sulmani's study was to express his gratitude to his benefactor, by conforming to his last instructions. He remembered the conduct of his father Molabar, and reproached himself with having for some time past made but a small progress in the road to virtue. But he had attained the point, beyond which there is nothing but precipices: He

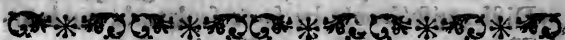
had nothing left to do but to refine and purify what he had acquired, and take care to preserve it.

The news of Adamas's death was no sooner spread over India, than each of the princes on whom he had encroached in his life-time, thought of taking advantage of the time of the regency, to recover his patrimony. Sulmani immediately took the field against them. Being only a depositary, he was not to examine the nature of the depositum, but only to take care to preserve it entire: Therefore he did not hesitate to embark in a war. But he was no longer the hero that had been beloved and admired by the Golcondians, feared and esteemed by their enemies. As he thought it behoved him to be braver than he had yet appeared, he ran head-long into the most shocking dangers: Prudent precautions he looked upon as cowardly shifts. He always conquered; but it was with such an effusion of blood, that the victors had as much reason to lament their success as the vanquished their defeat. His liberality degenerating into prodigality, gratified the soldiers with immense booties, part of which might well have been reserved for defraying the charges of the war. The Golcondians finding themselves obliged to furnish men and money continually, murmured against the prince-regent: Some hot-headed men fomented the discontent, and a rebellion soon broke out.

Sulmani, leaving half his army under the command of his generals, marched with the rest against the rebels. Being afraid of betraying any

weakness in the punishment of the guilty, he fell into the opposite extreme. The squares and market-places were full of scaffolds and gibbets, and executed persons. This severity served only to swell the number of the malecontents: Every man that died under the hand of the executioner, left a score of friends or relations determined to revenge his death. The regent still pursuing his plan, sent for the other part of his army; and what he judged might quench the flame, having been the means of making it rage the fiercer, he gradually let his rigidity proceed to the highest pitch of cruelty. All his virtues being carried to excess were metamorphosed into vices: His courage was nothing but ferocity; his valour, rashness; his liberality was turned into prodigality and extravagance, his justice horrid barbarity: Even the army saw in him nothing but a monster. He was seized by his own guards, bound with chains by those whom he had loaded with riches; and he had certainly been put to death in the most ignominious manner, had not the remembrance of his former virtues inclined the nation to mercy. — They contented themselves with expelling him with marks of infamy.

History adds, that he retired to some desert place, where he spent the rest of his days in deploring the fatal ardent temper which had prevented his discerning, that virtue consists in a just medium of things.



THE

FUNERIAL

AND

ELEGY.

Place, a City Church-yard. Time, Dusk.

THE muse, by melancholy evening led,
 In plaintive song delights with Grey to mourn;
 And loves to haunt these mansions of the dead,
 When the pale spectre hovers round its urn.

What fear can raise, or magic spell create,
 Still gives new pleasure to th'enchanted brain,
 Nor aught that horror starts the muse can hate,
 As long as virtue shields the inward man.

Now thought steals slowly o'er the human mind,
 Calm, serious thought, to sense and heav'n allied!
 Now the free soul's no more by care confin'd,
 Nor longer leagu'd with folly, noise or pride.

From yon high turret, silence reigning round,
 Hark, the loud clanging of the noisy bell!
 Through the pierc'd æther floats the trembling
 sound,
 And distant villas hear its hollow knell.

How thick and friendly lie the mingled graves!
 Distinguish'd only by some sculptur'd guide,
 That serves to tell us, folly often saves
 Her little all, to shew mechanic pride.

Here many a bustling tradesman crowds the soil,
 Each now unheard, and laid in noiseless death!
 No varying seasons once could check their toil,
 Keen winter's blast, or summer's fervid breath.

Their busy hammers, plied with early care,
 Perhaps are heard no more at break of day,
 Each left neglected by the worthless heir,
 Or sold, 'midst lumber, some vile debt to pay!

What lights are those? Hah—whence that dreary
 sound——

The notes in many an echo roll along;
 'Tis some new tenant of this haunted ground,
 Who claims those torches, and that holy song.

I'll cross the glebe, to learn the mournful tale,
 And join in anthem at the stranger's bier;
 Perhaps my tears may sooth the woful wail
 Of the lost wife or friend, whose hope lies there.

Lo! what an endless train attends the dead,
 In silent sadness weeping out their woe,
 Perhaps his graceful hand once shar'd the bread
 Which heav'n denies, in equal lot, below!

Perhaps in him the weak bemoan their friend,
 Who oft has pluckt them from the tyrant's jaw;

Perhaps the Christian taught them once their end,
 Or nobly freed them from the bonds of law!
 'Tis soft eyed pity wakes such doubts as these,
 And shews me there some father of the poor,
 Some earthly faint, now resting at his ease,
 Who ne'er gave sorrow to his friends before!
 But let me haste, I long to learn his fate,
 From one who lov'd him, and whose grief is deep;
 A friend's distress a friend can best relate,
 Each case is made our own when others weep.
 Mix'd with the crowd, I'll view this hallow'd pile,
 Whose folding gates give way to all alike;
 The poor, forlorn, may fill the lengthening file,
 Whom sordid wretches dare neglect, dislike.
 On the bare surface of the earth they kneel,
 Nor are their voices heard aloud in pray'r;
 Yet still their heav'n-bent eye betrays a zeal,
 A real reverence for the God they fear.
 But hark, my muse! the priest begins to read,
 In gloomy tone, the prologue to the grave;
 Sure 'tis the voice of Delphos o'er the dead!
 Such rev'rend accents ring through all the nave:
 Draw nigh, ye vain! who dance your hours away,
 And think the lingering minute much too slow;
 Step in a while, and rest you from your play,
 This house of mourning is no house of woe.

Let solemn pleasure fill the place of joy,
 For once indulge the tear, the thought sublime,
 Let the charm'd soul her noble pow'rs employ,
 And steal one moment from the hour of time.

Lo! from his awful height the priest descends,
 No more he charms us from the sacred page,
 Strait to yon chancel move the mournful friends,
 Where sons of grandeur sleep for many an age.
 There rot, unnotic'd now, the slaves of pride,
 Save that their trophies catch the curious eye,
 Where rear'd aloft with saints on either side,
 The cold, smooth marble tells the polish'd lie.

Drunk o'er the grave the thoughtless sexton stands,
 By custom harden'd to all sense of fear,
 Two torches tremble in his palsied hands,
 Skulls, spades and bones lie heap'd, confus'dly,
 near.

And now, slow winding round the sacred verge,
 The dead man's friends expose their doleful woe,
 The widow, trembling at the last sad dirge,
 Weeps, rack'd and silent, o'er the corpse below!

What means this sudden tumult in my breast,
 Some thrilling horror creeps through every vein,
 I fear I know that beauteous face distress'd!
 That alter'd mien, distracted thus with pain!

'Tis true, ye gods! I see the faithful hand,
 Now sadly rais'd to hide each bursting tear,

Which lately gave Eugenio frank command
Of all he wanted, all he wish'd for here!

And is he then no more—How late I saw
(Oh! mem'ry will intrude each bitter thought)
That modest fair approach yon priest with awe,
And heard her own the gen'rous flame she caught!

Such transport glow'd in my Eugenio's eye,
When, with her hand, she blushing gave her heart,
That, lost in thought, he thank'd her—with a sigh,
And oh, to paint his bliss is not in art!

How soon dissolv'd the matrimonial vow!
How vanish'd every hope of human pride!
And who could prophecy, oh rigid blow!
The priest that bless'd them should so soon divide!

Let man, with caution, trust the flattering smile,
The snares of pleasure, laid in virtue's road!
Full oft we stumble, or those snares beguile
The wretch to follow, and forget his God.

Hope was but lent to ease man's labour here,
His galling burdens through the thorns of life;
And if this blessing did not balance fear,
Weak virtue would in vain contest the strife.

But fondly do we dream this hope design'd,
To fix eternal happiness below,
Nor can we nurse the thought, to rest resign'd,
'Till plung'd at once into the gulph of woe.

No more let wit intrude, or heedless mirth,
 On the lone quiet of my future hours;
 But let me visit oft this spot of earth,
 And, weeping, strew around it sweetest flow'rs!

Oft let me wander by these holy walls,
 While frantic grief, or melancholy raves!
 Oft let me listen if Eugenio calls,
 And nightly walk in sleep among the graves!

'Till every ghastly thought of death be o'er,
 And in my bosom fears no longer roll;
 'Till angels hail me from their happier shore,
 And life's last tremble waft the shivering soul.

Then may some future friend, by faith allied!
 One that would rev'rence ev'n my lifeless clay!
 See my cold bones plac'd near Eugenio's side,
 And on my tomb engrav'd this funeral lay.

THE EPITAPH.

HERE lies below a youth, once warm to feel,
 The mis'ries, seldom thought on, of the poor;
 When others pain he saw and could not heal,
 He wept—And what could pity's self do more?

If vice decoy'd him from the paths of fame,
 No friend was made to weep, or foe to curse,
 No virgin felt his wrongs, in secret shame,
 His life was still as harmless as his verse.

If any passion harbour'd in his breast,
 His honest features could not give the lie;
 Let those conceal their thoughts, who fear the test,
 Should truth unfold them to the public eye.

For all his crimes and frailties here below,
 His soul did penance, ere he met his end;
 And, if his little worth you want to know,
 Go, seek it in the bosom of a friend.



S E L I M A:

A N

O R I E N T A L T A L E.

SELIMA was the daughter of Abdallah, a Persian of some distinction, in the reign of Abas the Great; but, being disgusted, withdrew from court, and settled on the banks of the Zenderoud. He had likewise a retreat in mount Taurus; and, as Selima had a taste for solitude, he often accompanied her there during the excessive heats of the summer. No expence was spared to render this abode delightful; the walks were lined with trees of various fruits and foliage, and flowers of a thousand different hues and odours painted the parterre. It was furnished with water from the adjacent mountains, which, pouring down a natural cascade, was afterwards divided into smaller streams, and distributed to every part

of the garden. The murmuring of these little rills, and the melody of the birds, gave the mind a peculiar turn to musing; and, as Selima was naturally disposed to reflection, she enjoyed this recess with double pleasure, and never left it but with extreme regret.

She was now in her twenty-first year, and was often rallied by her cousin Zara, on her fondness for retirement: "To what end (she would say) is all that enchanting bloom, and eyes sparkling with the most vivid lustre, if not employed to those purposes for which they were designed? You are formed for love, enjoy it in all its pleasures. Young Ibrahim pants for a sight of you, and, though contrary to our rules, I have promised to use all my interest for his admittance."—"I tremble (replied Selima) at the proposal, and can, by no means, consent to such an interview: It is contrary to my duty, offends my delicacy, and troubles my repose: The pleasures of love are too tumultuous, and little suited to a heart like mine." Zara was silent; yet still determined to pursue her point, and withdraw her cousin from a solitude she thought so injurious to her, and which, in her opinion, was only proper for the old, the melancholy, and the deformed.

It was in one of those fine autumnal evenings, which in the southern parts of Persia, are so delightful, that she proposed to Selima to take a walk along the banks of the Zenderoud, with an intention to carry her to a house in the suburbs of Isfahan, where Ibrahim had formed a party to enter-

tain them. The moon and stars shone with uncommon splendor, and were reflected from the surface of the river with additional lustre: The woodbines and jasmines, which grew in great profusion, filled the air with their fragrance; and the trembling leaves, which the dying gales had yet left in motion, diversified the scene, and made it altogether charming. “How transporting (cried Selima) are these rural delights! I taste them pure and unmixed! Alas, how different from those delusive pleasures, which play upon the senses for a moment, and leave nothing behind them but uneasiness and regret!”——“You are much mistaken (interrupted Zara) if you think there are no other amusements you are capable of relishing; and, if you are pleased to permit me, I will immediately conduct you where you will meet with joys, of which these are but the shadow.”

Amazement and surprize stopped Selima; a sudden tremor shook her whole frame; and, before she could recover herself, a thin mist arising from the river condensed into a cloud, and covered her entirely from the view of her companion. A pleasing slumber stole upon her senses, and, when she awoke, she found herself upon the highest peak of mount Taurus: She had scarce time for recollection, when one of those benevolent genii, who preside over the good and virtuous, thus addressed her.

“I have saved thee, O Selima, if not from ruin, yet at least from the extremest danger: the importunities of Zara would, at length,

“ have prevailed; and wine, music, and the soft-
 “ est tales of love, would jointly have contributed
 “ to thy undoing. Those objects which affect
 “ the senses strike most strongly, and numbers
 “ rest there without looking farther, or consider-
 “ ing the great end of their existence. To con-
 “ vince thee of this truth, close thy eyes for a mo-
 “ ment, then look beneath the mountain, and tell
 “ me what thou seest.”—— “ I see (said Selima)
 “ a vast expanse of water, and one small island in
 “ the midst of it: A river divides it into two parts,
 “ equally productive of the conveniences of life,
 “ and traced out into numberless little paths,
 “ which, at length, unite in one common road on
 “ each side of the river. This spot seems to be
 “ inhabited by the same species of beings, but
 “ their employments and pursuits are extremely
 “ different: those on the left hand are either per-
 “ petually toiling to amass little heaps of earth,
 “ and gather together the various productions of
 “ the soil, in much greater quantities than they
 “ can possibly make use of; or, impatient of la-
 “ bour, consume, in riot and excess, that neces-
 “ sary portion, which is allotted them for their
 “ support. They travel indeed, through differ-
 “ ent paths, but their tendency is the same; and
 “ I see them successively plunging into that illi-
 “ mitable track of waters, with looks full of anxi-
 “ ety and solicitude, or with an air of the greatest
 “ gaiety and unconcern.

“ To the right is exhibited a very different
 “ scene: A pleasing cheerfulness dwells upon e-
 “ very face, except a few, whose melancholy cast

" and disposition of mind throws a gloom on all
 " which they behold. These chuse out the most
 " difficult paths: They look with horror on every
 " innocent amusement, and partake even of the
 " necessaries of life with fearfulness and tremb-
 " ling: Their journey is safe, but very unplea-
 " sant; and, like weary travellers, they are con-
 " tinually wishing for an end of it. Their happier
 " companions, who travel with great alacrity along
 " the borders of the river, taste its refreshing
 " stream, and gather, with a frugal but an unsparing
 " hand, whatever the luxuriant soil affords them.
 " A firm persuasion of a never-failing supply
 " takes from them all solicitude; light, and dis-
 " incumbered of every care, they press forward
 " with incredible ardour; their views extend, the
 " prospect opens, and a flood of glory, brighter
 " than the mid-day sun, receives them to unut-
 " terable bliss and rapture."

" What thou hast seen (said the genius) re-
 " quires no explanation: I shall only observe to
 " thee, that human life is that portion of time al-
 " loted to mortals by way of trial; and every
 " thing necessary to make it easy and delightful,
 " is freely given, and may be enjoyed, within
 " proper limitations, with perfect innocence and
 " safety: In the excess lies all the danger, and
 " the inavoidable consequence of that excess, is
 " misery. This profusion of good things is thus
 " indulgently poured out around thee, by the
 " great Author of thy being; every pleasure thou
 " possessest flows from his immediate bounty; and
 " to him thou art indebted for those external gra-

"ces which adorn thy person, as well as for the
 "moral and intellectual beauties of thy mind.
 "The proper return for all these favours, is a
 "grateful heart, and a chearful obedience and
 "submission to his will. Consider him as the
 "fountain of thy happiness, and he will necessa-
 "rily become the supreme object of thy affecti-
 "ons; and friendship, love, and every human
 "passion, will give place to this divine ardour."—
 Selima was still listening to the genius with
 great attention, and expecting the sequel of his
 discourse; when, looking up, she found he had
 disappeared. She was troubled at his leaving her,
 and uneasy to think how she should descend from
 the summit of the mountain, when a bird of the
 finest plumage flew before her, and conducted her
 down the declivity with the greatest ease and
 safety.



NEW RECEIPT

TO

TAME A SHREW.

Shakespear's receipt to tame a shrew
 May sometimes, but won't always do;
 If bare assertion's not enough,
 The foll'wing tale affords a proof.

Richard spy'd John, and call'd out to him;
 He was so chang'd, John scarcely knew him!
 Once he was brisk, and gay, and merry;
 His eyes were floes, his cheeks were cherry;
 He us'd to laugh, and dance, and sing;
 Now he was quite another thing.

Pale were his cheeks, his eyes were dim;
 His cloaths too big by half for him;
 He sigh'd as if his heart was broke:
 He sigh'd, alas! but seldom spoke.

John was amaz'd, and thought it strange,
 To find in Dick this sudden change
 Whence could this alteration come?

He spoke to Dick, but Dick was dumb.

"Poor Ball, friend Richard, is't not so?"

"Ball is elop'd. Quoth Richard, "No."

"Is Gripe, your good old uncle, dead?"

Dick answer'd, "No," and shook his head.

"Why then, I'll lay my life that Sally,
 "(You two together us'd to dally)
 "Has sent you home a babe to nurse,
 "Ha! Dick?"—Dick answer'd, "Ten times
 "worse."

Silent some moments here he tarry'd;
 Then, "Oh!" says Dick, "Oh, John! I'm mar-
 "ry'd."

"Marry'd?" "Ay,"—"Say'st thou so, my boy?
 "With all my heart I wish thee joy!
 "Joy does no more to me belong."
 "How so?" "Oh Kate has such a tongue,
 "She contradicts whate'er I tell her;
 "Keeps both the keys of purse and cellar;
 "Lives as she lists, but all won't do,
 "She snubs me loud; before folks too;
 "And if I chance to stay out late,
 "I must be catechis'd by Kate,"
 "Some method should be try'd," says John.
 "Method! (quoth Dick) there is but one:
 "Across our stable hangs a shelf——"
 "Thou dost not mean to hang thyself?"
 "Yes; death alone must end my sorrow!
 "Adieu, dear John, I die to-morrow."
 "What! hang thyself, 'cause Kate is curst?
 "Egad, I'd see Kate hang'd up first.
 "Friend Dick, this talk is monstrous idle!
 "Try a good horse-whip or a bridle:
 "You find old Jobson, in the farce,
 "Prevented thus domestic jars;
 "When Nell his wife let loose her clapper,
 "He us'd most heartily to strap her,

" And by this usage we are told,
 " Tam'd Loverule's wife, a noted scold;
 " Richard, try thou one hearty banging;
 " If that should fail, then talk of hanging."
 Richard reply'd, " What thou adviseft,
 " Friend John, to me seems beft and wifeft.
 " Who knows, it may fuffice, perhap,
 " Only to fhew my wife the ftrap?
 " Howe'er, I'll with difcretion deal it,
 " As Kate requires, to fee or feel it."
 Here they broke off, and fet a trudging,
 Dick to his wife, John to his lodging.

Kate a lufly, ftout virago,
 Pamper'd herfelf with foup and fago,
 And was, the neighbours all agree,
 A match for two fuch men as he.
 Thus it appears; read but the fequel;
 You'll find Dick wasn't near her equal.
 For he to John foon after goes,
 A plaifter ftuck quite crofs his nofe,
 His face up to his eyes was fwel'd,
 'The fadlieft that you e'er beheld;
 Back, belly, fides, in fhort all o'er,
 The man was fo confounded fore,
 He could not bear the gentleft touch,
 And fcarce could go without a crutch,
 " Mercy!" cry'd John, " Whence did this hap-
 " pen?"

Quoth Dick, "'Twas you told me of ftrapping;
 " And, but for following your advice,
 " I had been hang'd, and 'fcap'd all this.
 " Alack a day! why, Kate no fooner
 " Found that I was about to tune her,

" But it enrag'd so, and vext her,
 " That she laid hold of what came next her;
 " Stools, tables, sauce-pans, plates, and chairs,
 " Flew, thick as hail, about my ears.
 " She call'd me bold, rebellious fool;
 " Ask'd why she marry'd, but to rule?
 " And with her talons, and her fist,
 " Has scratch'd and bruis'd me, as thou seest;
 " Therefore, to shun all future sorrow,
 " Depend upon't, I'll hang to-morrow."

Here John began a grave discourse.

" Art, sometimes, triumphs over force;
 " Towns that by storm would ne'er be shaken,
 " Have by blockade (mind that!) been taken;
 " People must eat, Dick, else they die;
 " (First we affirm, and then apply;)
 " Thus, Dick, should'st thou with-hold that blef-
 " sing,

" Without which life's not worth possessing,
 " 'Spite of her furious temper, Kate
 " Wou'd, by degree, capitulate.
 " Only let careful quest be made
 " To intercept all foreign aid;
 " And though she be a lusty warrior,
 " And thou hast had the luck to marry her,
 " Affairs will for the better alter—
 " Take my advice, and burn the halter."

Richard, as we may learn from hence,
 Thinking no more than lit'ral sense,
 Reply'd, " Thou art a simple-tony!

" I told thee, Kate keeps all the money;
 " Therefore 'tis vain what you observe;
 " Not she, but I am like to starve."

“ I mean,”—— said John,—— and whisper’d low,
 But what, we could not just then know.
 Howe’er, you’ll doubtless, by th’ event,
 Along with us, guess what is meant.
 Few weeks were past, the neighbours tell,
 Ere Dick had play’d his part so well,
 That, for the future, Kate abhorr’d
 To lift her hand against her lord;
 Instead of thund’ring words, they hear
 “ What time d’ye please to dine, my dear?”
 If Dick but point towards the door,
 Kate knows the hint, nor waits for more.
 Things in their proper course go on,
 And Dick in raptures runs to John.



A N
 A C C O U N T
 O F T H E

Riding of the BLACK RAM.

IN the manors of East and West-Enborne, in the county of Berks, and elsewhere, the inhabitants have the following antient custom. “ If a customary tenant die, the widow shall have what the law calls her Free-Bench in all his copy-hold lands, *dum sola & casta fuerit*, that is, while she lives single and chaste; but if she com-

mits incontinency, she forfeits her estate; yet if she will come into the court riding upon a black ram, with his tail in her hand, and say the words following, the steward is bound by the custom to readmit her to her Free Bench.

Here I am,
Riding upon a black ram,
Like a whore as I am;
And for my crincum crancum,
Have lost my bincum bancum;
And, for my tail's game,
Have done this worldly shame,
Therefore, I pray you, Mr. Steward, let me
have my land again."

I have, according to my promise, been at great pains in searching out the records of the black ram; and have at last met with the proceedings of the court-baron, held in that behalf, for the space of a whole day. The record saith, that a strict inquisition having been made into the right of the tenants to their several estates, by a crafty old steward, he found that many of the lands of the manor were, by default of the several widows, forfeited to the lord, and accordingly would have entered on the premises: upon which the good women demanded the benefit of the ram. The steward, after having perused their several pleas, adjourned the court to Barnaby-bright, that they might have day enough before them.

The court being set, and filled with a great concourse of people, who came from all parts to see the solemnity, the first who entered was the widow Frontly, who had made her appearance in the last year's cavalcade. The register observes, that finding it an easy pad-ram, and foreseeing she might have further occasion for it, she purchased it of the steward.

Mrs. Sarah Dainty, relict of Mr. John Dainty, (who was the greatest prude in the parish) came next in the procession. She at first made some difficulty of taking the tail in her hand; and was observed in pronouncing the form of penance, to soften the two most emphatical words into *clincum clancum*: But the steward took care to make her speak plain English, before he would let her have her land again.

The third widow that was brought to this worldly thame, being mounted upon a vicious ram, had the misfortune to be thrown by him; upon which she hoped to be excused from going through the rest of the ceremony: but the steward being well versed in the law, observed very wisely upon this occasion, that the breaking of the rope does not hinder the execution of the criminal.

The fourth lady upon record was the widow Ogle, a famous coquette, who had kept half a score young fellows off and on for the space of two years; but having been more kind to her carter John, she was introduced with the huzzas of all her lovers about her.

Mrs. Sable appearing in her weeds, which were very new and fresh, and of the same colour with her whimsical Palfrey, made a very decent figure in the solemnity.

Another, who had been summoned to make her appearance, was excused by the steward, as well knowing in his heart, that the good squire himself had qualified her for the ram.

Mrs. Quick having nothing to object against the indictment, pleaded her belly. But it was remembered that she made the same excuse the year before. Upon which the steward observed, that she might so contrive it, as never to do the service of the manor.

The widow Fidget being cited into court, insisted that she had done no more since the death of her husband, than what she used to do in his life-time; and withal desired Mr. steward to consider his own wife's case if he should chance to die before her.

The next in order was a Dowager of a very corpulent make, who would have been excused as not finding any ram that was able to carry her; upon which the steward commuted her punishment, and ordered her to make her entry upon a black ox.

The widow Maskwell, a woman who had long lived with a most unblemished character, having turned off her old chambermaid in a pet, was by that revengeful creature brought in upon the black ram nine times the same day.

Several widows of the neighbourhood, being brought upon their trial, shewed that they did not hold of the manor, and were discharged accordingly.

A pretty young creature who closed the procession came ambling in, with so bewitching an air, that the steward was observed to cast a sheep's eye upon her, and married her within a month after the death of his wife.

F I N I S.



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Jan. 11, 42

April 2/57

Feb 28/86

A. Wilson

Mrs A

C. Belmore

